

QUIET  
RESTING  
PLACES

I have been thinking of you  
 and wondering how you are  
 getting on. I hope you are  
 well and happy. I have been  
 very busy lately, but I  
 have managed to find some  
 time to write to you. I  
 have been thinking of you  
 and wondering how you are  
 getting on. I hope you are  
 well and happy. I have been  
 very busy lately, but I  
 have managed to find some  
 time to write to you.





# QUIET RESTING PLACES







# QUIET RESTING PLACES

*Selected by*  
J.E. & H.S.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL,  
HAMILTON, KENT AND CO. LTD.





## Foreword

Let your rest be perfect in its season, like the rest of waters that are still. If you will have a model for your living, take neither the stars, for they fly without ceasing, nor the ocean that ebbs and flows, nor the river that cannot stay, but rather let your life be like that of the summer air, which has times of noble energy, and times of perfect peace.

P. G. HAMERTON.

FIRST PRINTED, 10,000 copies, September, 1912.  
SECOND EDITION, 5,000 copies, April, 1913.

*The Compilers desire to thank all those who have generously consented to the use of copyright matter, and express their regrets if anything is included, consent for which has not been obtained.*



## To Gladden Life's Way



Suppose that a man, like a mastiff at the door of righteousness, is forever growling at injustice. He will be respected for his fidelity to justice, but loved he cannot be. No one likes to take a storm home to his bosom, or feels gladness when the lightning is playing before his eyes.

T. D. WOOLSEY.



Divinity hath surely touched my  
heart;  
I have possessed more Joy than earth  
can lend.

BRIDGES.



Measure your mind's height by the  
shade it casts!

R. BROWNING.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

I do not wonder at what men suffer in this world, but I wonder often at what they lose. We may see how good rises out of pain and evil; but the dead, naked, eyeless loss,—what good comes of that?

J. RUSKIN.



He glows above  
With scarce an intervention, presses  
close  
And palpitatingly, his soul o'er ours:  
We feel him, not by painful reason  
know!

R. BROWNING.



Believe me, then, the only right principle of action here is to consider good and evil as defined by our natural sense of both; and to strive to promote the one and to conquer the other with as hearty endeavour as if there were, indeed, no other world but this. Above all, get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing its laws to take their course in punishing small ones.

J. RUSKIN.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

In your quiet homes reflect that your peace was not won for you by your own hands, maybe, but by theirs who jeopardized their lives for you; and remember that neither this inherited peace nor any other can be kept but by equal jeopardy.

J. RUSKIN.



## THE MEASURE OF THE MIND

The mind of man is this world's true dimension;

And knowledge is the measure of the mind;

And as the mind, in her cast comprehension,

Contains more worlds than all the world can find,

So knowledge doth itself far more extend,

Than all the minds of man can comprehend.

LORD BROOKE.



If every year we would root out one vice we should sooner become perfect men.

THOMAS à KEMPIS.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Let your rest be perfect in its season,  
like the rest of waters that are still.  
If you will have a model for your  
living, take neither the stars, for they  
fly without ceasing, nor the ocean that  
ebbs and flows, nor the river that  
cannot stay, but rather let your life  
be like that of the summer air, which  
has times of noble energy and times  
of perfect peace.

P. G. HAMERTON.



And earth below, they best can serve  
true gladness  
Who meet most feelingly the calls of  
sadness.

W. WORDSWORTH.



This is a spurious goodness which is  
good for the sake of reward. The  
child that speaks truth for the sake  
of the praise of truth, is not truthful.  
The man who is honest because  
honesty is the best policy, has not  
integrity in his heart. He who en-  
deavours to be humble, and holy, and  
perfect, in order to win heaven, has  
only a counterfeit religion.

F. W. ROBERTSON,

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

You can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure; and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet.

J. RUSKIN.



Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,  
But cheerily seek how to redress their  
harms.

What though the mast be now blown  
overboard,  
The cable broke, the holding anchor  
lost,  
And half our sailors swallowed in the  
flood—  
Yet lives our Pilot still.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



The question is, What do you more than others? Where is your extra? In what do you surpass other people? The world is not quarrelling with Christianity as a revelation of ideas, or as an organisation created for work, but with the low morality of Christian people.

J. CLIFFORD,

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Keep thyself, then, simple, pure, serious, free from affectation, a friend of justice, a worshipper of the gods, kind, affectionate, strenuous in all proper acts. Short is life. There is only one fruit of this terrene life—a pious disposition and social acts.

M. AURELIUS.



Let falsehood assail not,  
Nor envy disprove;  
Let trifles prevail not  
Against those ye love!  
Nor change with to-morrow,  
Should fortune take wing;  
But the deeper the sorrow,  
The closer still cling!

C. SWAIN.



The way to argue down a vice is, not to tell lies about it—to say that it has no attractions, when everybody knows that it has—but rather to let it make out its case, just as it certainly will in the moment of temptation, and then meet it with the weapons furnished by the Divine armoury.

O. W. HOLMES.



## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.

M. AURELIUS.



Life without a plan,  
As useless as the moment it began,  
Serves merely as a soil for discontent  
To thrive in; an incumbrance ere  
half-spent.

W. COWPER.



The most unhappy man or woman on earth is the one who rises in the morning with nothing to do and wonders how he will pass off the day.

L. M. SHAW.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Try for yourselves what you can read in half an hour. Then multiply the half-hour by three hundred and sixty-five, and consider what treasures you might have laid by at the end of the year; and what happiness, fortitude, and wisdom they would have given you for a lifetime.

J. MORLEY.



## LOVE'S HARVEST-TIME

Love's holy flame for ever burneth;  
From Heaven it came, to Heaven  
returneth,

Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times opprest.

It here is tired and purified,  
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest;  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of love is there.

T. SOUTHEY.



"Bring the Book," said Sir Walter Scott, when dying. "What book?" asked his friend. "There is only ONE Book—the Bible," replied the dying man.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

It is not the number of books you read; nor the variety of sermons which you hear; nor the amount of religious conversation in which you mix: but it is the frequency and the earnestness with which you meditate on these things, till the truth which may be in them becomes your own, and part of your own being, that ensures your spiritual growth.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



To be rich, be diligent; move on  
Like Heaven's great movers that  
enrich the earth  
Whose moment's sloth would show  
the world undone,  
And make the Spring straight bury  
all her birth.  
Rich are the diligent who can com-  
mand  
Time—Nature's stock.

DAVENANT.



The world has no sympathy with any  
but positive griefs. It will pity you  
for what you lose, never for what you  
lack.

MADAME SWETCHINE.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

A mind which withstands all the powers of the outward universe, all the pains which fire and sword and storm can inflict, rather than swerve from uprightness, is nobler than the universe.

W. E. CHANNING.



If tears and groans could make things  
right,  
If worry could kill care;  
If moping filled the dark with light,  
And make the black day fair;  
Then weeping would be quite the  
thing,  
And groaning would be fine;  
And moping, mixed with worrying,  
'Twere useful to combine.

J. K. BANGS.



## THE POWER OF WORDS

God preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp words; there are words whose sting can remain through a whole life!

M. HOWITT.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valour of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

R. W. EMERSON.



The soldier armed with sword and  
gun  
Palsied strikes the summer's sun;  
When gold and gems adorn the  
plough,  
To peaceful arts shall envy blow;  
The beggar's rags fluttering in air  
Do to rags the heavens tear.

W. BLAKE.



## THE IRON OF PRIDE

Thought ye your iron hands of pride  
Could break the knot that hath been  
tried?  
No:—let the eagle change her plume,  
The leaf its hue, the flow'r its bloom;  
But ties around this heart were spun,  
That could not, would not, be undone!

CAMPBELL.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

The best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything is really to be what he would seem to be. . . . All other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.



Yet do thy work; it shall succeed  
In thine or in another's day;  
And, if denied the victor's meed,  
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

J. G. WHITTIER.



Youth dreams a bliss on this side  
death;  
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,  
More grateful than this marble  
sleep;  
It hears a voice within it tell:  
Calm's not life's crown, though calm  
is well.

M. ARNOLD.



Every duty we omit obscures some  
truth we should have known.

J. RUSKIN.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

No friendship is worth the same  
unless it does the highest good, assist-  
ing us to escape from the manifold  
forms of selfishness, and to look at  
duty with fresh impulse.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



Justice must be from violence exempt;  
But fraud's her only object contempt:  
Fraud in the fox, force in the lion  
dwells;

But justice both from human hearts  
expels;

But he's the greatest monster, with-  
out doubt,

Who is a wolf within, a sheep with-  
out.

SIR J. DENHAM.



## A RULE FOR CONVERSATION

It is a secret known to but few, yet  
of no small use in the conduct of life,  
that when you fall into a man's con-  
versation, the first thing you should  
consider is, whether he has a greater  
inclination to hear you, or that you  
should hear him.

G. A. STEELE.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Promises were the ready money that was first coined and made current by the law of Nature, to support that society and commerce that was necessary for the comfort and security of mankind.

LORD CLARENDON.



The truly generous is the truly wise;  
And he who loves not others, lives  
unblessed.

J. HOME.



For more is not reserved  
To man, with soul just nerved  
To act to-morrow what he learns  
to-day:  
Here, work enough to watch  
The Master work, and catch  
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of  
the tool's true play.

R. BROWNING.



At every moment of our lives we  
should be trying to find out, not in  
what we differ from other people, but  
in what we agree with them.

J. RUSKIN.



## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

What a rare gift, by the by, is that of manners! how difficult to define, how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them than wealth, beauty, or talents; they will more than supply all.

B. LYTTON.



The chamber where the good man  
meets his fate  
Is privileged beyond the common  
walk  
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of  
Heaven.

YOUNG.



## THE CHARM OF CONVERSATION

The power to converse well is a very great charm. You think anybody can talk? How mistaken you are. Anybody can chatter. Anybody can exchange idle gossip. . . . But to talk wisely, instructively, freshly, and delightfully, is an immense accomplishment. It implies exertion, observation, study of books and people, and receptivity of impression.

J. RUSKIN.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

A man's time, when well husbanded,  
is like a cultivated field, of which a  
few acres produce more of what is  
useful to life than extensive provinces,  
even of the richest soil, when over-  
run with weeds and brambles.

D. HUME.



Work while life is given;  
Faint not, although 'tis hard;  
Work is the will of Heaven,  
And peace is the reward!  
All work is holy.

. . . . .

Scorn nought as plain or mean;  
All with thy work impress,  
That all where thou hast been  
May day by day confess  
That work is holy.



Many mean things are done in the  
family, for which moods are put for-  
ward as the excuse, when the moods  
themselves are the most inexcusable  
things of all. A man or woman in  
tolerable health has no moral right  
to indulge in an unpleasant mood.

J. G. HOLLAND.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness, shall follow it whithersoever that shall go, and are of their nature divine and immortal.

W. M. THACKERAY.



Words are like leaves: when they  
most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely  
found.

A. POPE.



All are not just because they do no  
wrong;  
But he who will not wrong me when  
he may,  
He is the truly just.

R. CUMBERLAND.



Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticism you pass upon his companions. Relations, like features, are thrust upon us; companions, like clothes, are more or less our own selection.

G. HAMILTON.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Still in the deepest knowledge  
Some depth is left unknown:  
Still in the merriest music lurks  
A plaintive undertone:  
Still with the closest friend some throb  
Of life is felt alone.

C. ROSSETTI.



## HOME—THE PLACE OF CONFIDENCE

Home is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness and without any dread of ridicule.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



Look at the end of work, contrast  
The petty done, the undone vast.

R. BROWNING.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

As it is essential to true friendship both to advise and to be advised, and that the one should act courteously, not harshly, and the other receive the advice patiently, not with repugnance: so we must hold that there is no greater plague in friendships than flattery, fawning, and adulation. For this vice of weak and deceitful men, who say everything to humour, nothing with regard to truth, must be branded with as many epithets as possible. But while a pretence in everything is bad (for it destroys the perception of the truth, and adulterates it), it is especially antagonistic to friendship. For it destroys truth, without which the name of friendship can have no meaning.

CICERO.



Knowledge is as food, and needs no  
less  
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know  
In measure what the mind may well  
contain,  
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon  
turns  
Wisdom to folly.

J. MILTON.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

This world is simply the threshold  
of our vast life; the first stepping-  
stone from nonentity into the bound-  
less expanse of possibility. It is the  
infant-school of the soul.

T. S. KING.



## WANTED: DEEDS

Not words of winning note,  
Not thoughts from life remote,  
Not fond religious airs,  
Not sweetly languid prayers,  
Not love of scent and creeds.  
Wanted: Deeds.

D. MACGREGOR.



And where art thou going, soul of  
mine?

Canst see the end?  
And whither this troubled life of thine  
Evermore doth tend?

J. G. WHITTIER.



Faith never goes home with an empty  
basket.

E. P. BROWN.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

One has only to grow old to become less critical. I see no error made which I might not have committed myself.

GOETHE.



## THE AIM DEFEATED

Oh, blest is he who has some aim defeated;

Some mighty loss to balance all his gain.

For him there is a hope not yet completed;

For him hath life yet draughts of joy and pain.

But cursed is he who has no balked ambition,

No hopeless hope, no loss beyond repair;

But sick and sated with complete fruition,

Keeps not the pleasure even of despair.

E. W. WILCOX.



Life means battle, and behind it victory beckons us on.

DR. NANSEN.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Any material thing, clung unto as a possession, corrupteth the soul. With all things must we deal quickly, while we are in the way with them, else, instead of helps, they become our adversaries which, loitered with, cast us into prison.

H. M. ALDEN.



Raise me above the vulgar's breath,  
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,  
And all in life that's mean;  
Still true to reason be my plan,  
Still let my actions speak the man,  
Through every various scene.

M. AKENSIDE.



## A BARREN HARVEST

The man who seeks one thing in life,  
and but one,  
May hope to achieve it before life be  
done;  
But he who seeks all things, wherever  
he goes,  
Only reaps from the hopes which  
around him he sows  
A harvest of barren regrets.

O. MEREDITH.



## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

One by one thy griefs shall meet  
thee,—

Do not fear an armed band;  
One will fade, as others greet thee,  
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,  
See how small each moment's pain;  
God will help thee for to-morrow,—  
Every day begin again.

Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passing hours despond;  
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.

A. A. PROCTOR.



Old things need not be therefore true,  
O, brother men! nor yet the new;  
Ah, still awhile the old thought retain,  
And yet consider it again.

We! what do we see? each a space  
Of some few yards before his face;  
Does that the whole wide plain ex-  
plain?

Ah! yet consider it again.

A. H. CLOUGH.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Life is a daily journey for daily bread and breath, for body's life—since that scorned rebel will live at all costs—for soul's breath, which is the faint though deathless faith in the stronger life to which the freed one has attained, and which every day's travelling brings a little nearer to the enduring patience of the one left.

MRS. H. FRASER.



He who intermits  
The appointed task and duties of the  
day  
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the  
day;  
Checking the finer spirits that refuse  
To flow, when purposes are lightly  
changed.

W. WORDSWORTH.



## DAILY RULES

Believe not all you hear, nor speak all you know; and as you should be very cautious in believing any ill of your neighbours, so you should be much more cautious in repeating it.

P. B. SHELLEY.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Time cures every wound, and though  
the scar may remain, and occasion-  
ally ache, yet the earliest agony of its  
recent affliction is felt no more.

W. SCOTT.



Light is our sorrow, for it ends to-  
morrow,

Light is our death which cannot  
hold us fast;

So brief a sorrow can be scarcely  
sorrow,

Or death be death so quickly past.

One night, no more, of pain that turns  
to pleasure,

One night, no more, of weeping,  
weeping sore;

And then the heaped-up measure  
beyond measure,

In quietness for evermore.

Our sails are set to cross the tossing  
river,

Our face is set to reach Jerusalem;  
We toil awhile, but then we rest for  
ever,

Sing with all saints and rest above  
with them.

C. ROSSETTI.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Learning makes the young temperate,  
is the comfort of age; standing for  
wealth with poverty, and serving as  
an ornament to riches.

CICERO.



Words, and words truth, and truth  
boldness. She whose  
Honest freeness makes it her virtue to  
Speak what she thinks will make it  
her necessity  
To think what is good.

P. MARSTON.



## THE SALT OF THE EARTH

Salt of the earth, ye virtuous few,  
Who season human kind;  
Light of the world, whose cheering  
ray  
Illumes the realms of mind:  
Where Misery spreads her deepest  
shade,  
Your strong compassion glows:  
From your blessed lips the balm  
distils,  
That softens mortal woes.

A. L. BARBAULD.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Happy the man, the tide of whose  
passions, like that of the great ocean,  
is regulated by a light from above.

ANON.



When wealth is lost,  
Nothing is lost;  
When health is lost,  
Something is lost;  
When character is lost,  
All is lost.



## LIVING WELL

He liveth long who liveth well,  
All other life is short and vain;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of living most for heavenly gain.  
Waste not thy being, back to Him  
Who freely gave it freely give;  
Else is thy being but a dream,  
'Tis but to be and not to live.

ANON.



Duty is co-extensive with the action of  
our intelligence.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Those who departed loving you, love you still; and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true—they are only gone into the next room, and you will presently get up and follow them.

W. M. THACKERAY.



Oh, then if gleams of truth and light  
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,  
Unfolding to thy mental sight  
The wants of human-kind;  
If, brooding over human grief,  
The earnest wish is known  
To soothe and gladden with relief  
An anguish not thine own. . . .  
Though only to the inward ear  
It whispers soft and low . . .  
Noiseless as dew fell, heed it well,  
Thy Father's call of love.

J. G. WHITTIER.



## HIGH HEARTS

High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of care, and start on some fresh march of faithful service.

J. MARTINEAU.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. Treat men as pawns and nine-pins, and you will suffer as well as they.

R. W. EMERSON.



A noble aim,  
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed.

W. WORDSWORTH.



Be not amazed at life. 'Tis still  
The mode of God with His elect,  
Their hopes exactly to fulfil,  
In times and ways they least expect.

DEAN ALFORD.



## LIFE'S SACREDNESS

It is a sad weakness in us—that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us, as if life were not sacred too—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fall in love and reverence to our brother who has had to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.

G. ELIOT.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

He who has no mind to trade with the  
devil should be so wise as to keep  
from his shop.

SOUTH.



The past is our sanctuary,  
The present is our opportunity,  
The future is our hope.



If thou follow but thy star,  
Thou canst not miss at last a glorious  
haven.

DANTE.



## SYMPATHY

It is by this passion we enter into  
the concerns of others, that we are  
moved as they are moved, and are  
never suffered to be indifferent spec-  
tators of almost anything which men  
can do or suffer. For sympathy must  
be considered as a sort of substitution,  
by which we are put into the place of  
another man, and affected in many  
respects, as he is affected.

T. BURKE.



## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

How counterfeit a coin they are, who  
friends  
Bear in their superscription . . .  
. . . In prosperous days  
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw  
their head,  
Not to be found though sought.

J. R. MILLER.



## THE DAYS SHALL SPEAK

"Days shall speak." What do they  
say? Listen—Yesterday, "learn of  
me;" To-day, "use me;" To-mor-  
row, "leave me alone."

REV. A. J. PALMER.



The brave man is not he who feels  
no fear,  
But he whose noble soul its fear sub-  
dues,  
And bravely dares the dangers nature  
shrinks from.

J. BAILLIE.



You can't always tell what a man has  
done for God by what you see on his  
tombstone.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Mark thyself well in the hour of temptation,  
for then it is that the vices  
will appear which before lay covered  
and unknown.

R. BAXTER.



## YOU NEVER CAN TELL

You never can tell when you do an  
act

Just what the result will be;  
But with every deed you are sowing a  
seed,

Though its harvest you may not  
see.

Each kindly act is an acorn dropped  
In God's productive soil;

Though you may not know, yet the  
tree shall grow,

And shelter the brows that toil.

ANON.



Man dwells apart, though not alone,  
He walks among his peers unread,  
The best of thoughts which he hath  
known

For lack of listeners are not said.

SHELLEY.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues and one eye, for many talk the most who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon everything who have seen into nothing.

ANON.



One kindly deed may turn  
The fountain of thy soul  
To love's sweet day-star, that shall  
o'er thee burn,  
Long as its currents roll!

O. W. HOLMES.



## DIVINE SERVICE

We say "Divine Service will be 'performed' (that is our word—the form of it gone through) at so and so o'clock." Alas, unless we perform Divine Service in every willing act of life, we never perform it at all.

J. RUSKIN,

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

The courage by which love, like honour, starts to the post of noble danger and maintains it, till by such fidelity it becomes a place of danger no more.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



## THE POWER OF TINY THINGS

The memory of a kindly word  
    For long gone by,  
The fragrance of a fading flower  
    Sent lovingly,  
The gleaming of a sudden smile  
    Or sudden tear,  
The warmer pressure of the hand,  
    The tone of cheer,  
The hush that means "I cannot speak,  
    But I have heard!"  
The note that only bears a verse  
    From God's own word—  
Such tiny things we hardly count  
    As ministry,  
The givers deeming they have shown  
    Scant sympathy.  
But when the heart is overwrought,  
    Oh, who can tell  
The power of such tiny things  
    To make it well!

FROM PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand labour, there is something of divineness.

T. CARLYLE.



'Tis everybody's business,  
In this dark world of ours,  
To root up all the weeds we find  
And make room for the flowers.

E. W. WILCOX.



Capital is not what a man has, but what he is. Character is capital; honour is capital.

DR. MACDUFF.



You cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge yourself one.

J. A. FROUDE.



## FEARFULNESS

The things that never happen are often as much realities to us in their effects as those that are accomplished.

C. DICKENS.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

There is more courage in living to sustain misfortune than in shifting out of it by suicide; resolute minds persist to hope in spite of fortune; fear adds to the despair of the pusillanimous.

TACITUS.



## GO UP

The valleys are always crowded,  
And we are jostled about;  
These low plains teem with hard questions,

For the atmosphere is doubt.  
Go up where the truth is beaming  
With abounding life and light—  
Why stumble in the valley?

All's clear on the mountain height.

O. G. B.



As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.

J. BENTHAM,

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Surely it is not true blessedness to be free from sorrow, while there is sorrow and sin in the world; sorrow is then a part of love, and love does not seek to throw it off.

G. ELIOT.



## MY WORK

To spread hope where I can,  
To give joy where I may;  
To strive to be a man  
Who shall be missed some day.

To do my best and know  
That, if my best must be  
But little, the world's woe  
Is not increased by me.

S. E. KISER.



He is happiest, be he king or peasant,  
who finds peace in his own home.

GOETHE.



Love is the only possession of which  
the more one gives the less thereof  
he parts with.

I. PANIN,

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Simplicity of manner is the last attainment. Folks are very long afraid of being natural from a fear of being taken for ordinary.

JEFFREY.



A little love, a little trust,  
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,  
And life as dry as desert dust  
Is fresher than the mountain stream.

S. BROOKE.



## PESSIMISM

The Pessimist tells me, the world is a wilderness, and it is a misfortune to live at all. Youth is a blunder, manhood is a struggle, old age is a regret. It is winter, winter, winter, the whole year round. But he does not understand the possibilities of life—the Lord is nigh, and when He uses me I am more than a conqueror.

A. SMELLIE.



There is no good in praying for anything unless you also try for it.

H. VAN DYKE.



## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Beware of despairing about yourself;  
you are commanded to put your trust  
in God, and not in yourself.

ST. AUGUSTINE.



## GREEN HILLS

Oh! the hills look green that are far  
away,  
And we struggle to reach them all the  
day;  
And we say, "Oh, would that we  
could be there,  
Where the beautiful emerald hills  
appear!"  
Ah! would in the near we could  
calmly rest,  
But the far off always appears the  
best;—  
And this proverb rings in our ears  
all day,—  
Oh! the hills look green that are far  
away.

L. H. WALKER.



He that wills a thing succeeds in it,  
but the most difficult thing in the  
world is to will.

J. DE MAISTRE.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

We must increase our talents, enlarge  
our graces, shoot up into tallness,  
grow to this stature; for God's family  
admits no dwarfs. Stunted profession  
was never sound.

ADAMS.



Take all in a word; the Truth in God's  
breast  
Lies trace for trace upon our's  
impressed:  
Though He is so bright, and we are  
so dim,  
We are made in His image to witness  
Him.

R. BROWNING.



Reputation is what men and women  
think of us; character is what God  
knows of us.

PAINE.



## RIGHT DOING

Do that which is right. The respect  
of mankind will follow; or, if it do  
not, you will be able to do without it.

GOETHE.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do.

W. E. CHANNING.



## DAILY LIVING

You trod no high, heroic way,  
No calendar your name enshrined;  
You were but faithful every day,  
And tolerant and kind.  
Men scorned the limits of your view,  
While you in patience, one by one,  
The homely duties sought to do  
That they had left undone.

M. KENDALL.



If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right. But do not care to convince him. Men will believe what they see. Let them see.

W. D. THOREAU.



The higher the character or rank, the less the pretence, because there is less to pretend to.

BULWER.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Be thou good, although mankind speak evil of you—which is better than being bad whilst they think you good.

J. PLATT.



## INSIST ON YOURSELF

Insist on thyself. Thine own gift thou canst present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation.

R. W. EMERSON.



There is not any way so sure of making others happy as being so one's self to begin with.

SIR A. HELPS



## BE SINCERE

Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour, insincerity is the most dangerous.

J. A. FROUDE.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Believe and love—a believing love will relieve us of a vast load of care. O, my brothers! God exists!

R. W. EMERSON.



## A GOOD THOUGHT

A good thought is a great boon, for which God is to be first thanked, then he who is the first to utter it, and then in a lesser, but still in a considerable degree, the man who is the first to quote it to us.

ANON.



## ONE DAY'S

We can carry one day's burdens. We can do one day's duties. We can endure one day's sorrows. It is a blessing that this is all God ever gives us at a time.

J. R. MILLER.



What I want is, not to possess a religion, but to have a religion that shall possess me.

C. KINGSLEY.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

The gods in bounty work up thorns  
about us,  
That give mankind occasion to exert  
Their hidden strength, and throw out  
into practice  
Virtues that shun the day, and lie con-  
ceal'd  
In the smooth seasons and the calm  
of life.

ADDISON.



Give thy heart's best treasures—  
From fair Nature learn;  
Give thy love—and ask not,  
Wait not a return;

And the more thou spendest  
From thy little store,  
With a double bounty,  
God will give thee more.

A. A. PROCTOR.



## DEFINITE PURPOSE

Bind together your spare hours by  
the cord of some definite purpose,  
and know how much may be accom-  
plished.

DR. W. M. TAYLOR.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet, in all men that seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Perhaps no one is so satisfied with himself that he never wishes to be wiser, better, and more holy. Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself. This ideal which we project out of ourselves, and seek to make real—this wisdom, goodness, and holiness, which we aim to transfer from our thoughts to our life, has an action more or less powerful on each, rendering him dissatisfied with present attainments, and restless, unless he is becoming better.

T. PARKER.



## LIFE'S LESSON

This is a lesson we cannot learn too soon—that the world can go on easily without us.

GOETHE.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Learn that duty, love, devotedness, consist in making of our happiness the happiness of others, and of the happiness of others our own happiness, while egotism consists in deriving happiness from the misfortunes of others. Nero wished the Roman people had but one head, that he might take it off at a single blow: this was egotism. Titus considered that day to be lost in which he failed to render some one happy: this was love. "To love," Leibnitz has said, "is to place our happiness in the happiness of another." That sublime definition needs no commentary: it is understood or not understood. He who has loved understands it; he who has not loved will never understand it.

LACORDAIRE.



Chase brave employments with a  
naked sword  
Throughout the world. Fool not, for  
all may have  
If they dare try a glorious life or  
grave.

G. HERBERT.



## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

Hold out a loving helping hand to all  
Whose hearts are sad and weary,  
and who find  
Life's rough steep places hard to  
climb, who fall  
And stumble by the way—to these  
be kind.

Strew on the pathway of thy friends  
around  
Flow'rets of love and pity, blossoms  
fair,  
Nor keep them all to wither under-  
ground  
Within a grave,—the dead need not  
thy care.

E. WOOLWARD.



## HAPPINESS

Happiness is like a kitten's tail—hard  
to catch, but there's plenty of fun  
in chasing it.



Strong is the man, he only strong  
To those well-ordered will belong  
For service and delight;  
All power that in the face of wrong  
Establish right.

O. MEREDITH.

## TO GLADDEN LIFE'S WAY

There are many passages of Scripture which you will never understand until some trying experience interprets them to you.

C. H. SPURGEON.

*etc.*

## DAILY COMMON-SENSE

Order is heaven's first law, and this  
confest,  
Some are, and must be, greater than  
the rest,  
More rich, more wise; but who'd  
infer from hence  
That such are happier shocks all com-  
mon-sense.

A. POPE.





# Grain that is Golden



## THE NEW YEAR

I asked the New Year for some motto  
sweet,

Some rule of life with which to guide  
my feet;

I asked and paused. He answered soft  
and low:

“God’s will to know.”

“Will knowledge then suffice, New  
Year?” I cried;

And ere the question into silence died  
The answer came: “Nay, but remem-  
ber, too,

God’s will to do.”

Once more I asked: “Is there no  
more to tell?”

And once again the answer softly fell:  
“Yes, this one thing, all other things  
above—

God’s will to love.”

## A SONG OF HOPE

Hope puts a song into the heart,  
Hope makes a light when the night  
    is dark;  
Hope, hope gives strength when the  
    flesh is weak,  
Hope is an anchor to those who seek.  
Hope chases all our fears away,  
Hope brightens up the darkest day;  
Hope dries the memories' flowing  
    tears,  
Hope, hope endures through all the  
    years.



The ministry of little things,  
    Not counted mean or small  
By that dear alchemy which brings  
    Some grain of gold from all:  
The faith to wait as well as work,  
    Whatever may befall.

S. COOLIDGE.



Industry is, in itself, and when  
properly chosen, delightful and profit-  
able to the worker; and when your  
toil has been a pleasure, you have  
not earned money merely, but money,  
health, delight and moral profit, all in  
one.

R. L. STEVENSON.

## A MESSAGE FROM THE ROBIN

I'll sing you a lay ere I wing on my  
way,

Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!  
Whenever you're blue, find something  
to do

For somebody else, who is sadder  
than you;

Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!



There is no duty we so much under-  
rate as the duty of being happy. By  
being happy, we sow anonymous  
benefits upon the world, which re-  
main unknown even to ourselves, or  
when they are disclosed surprise no-  
body so much as the benefactor.

R. L. STEVENSON.



Would'st shape a noble life? Then  
cast

No backward glances toward the past,  
And though somewhat be lost and  
gone,

Yet do thou act as one new-born:  
What each day needs, that shalt thou  
ask,

Each day will set its proper task.

## EASTERTIDE

Along all our pathways sweet flowers  
are blooming, if we will only stop to  
pluck them and smell their fragrance.  
In every meadow birds are warbling,  
calling to their mates, and soaring into  
the blue, if we will only stop our  
grumbling long enough to hear them.

J. SAVAGE.



I tell you, if I could go back the track  
To my life's morning hour,  
I would not set forth seeking name or  
fame,  
Or that poor bauble called power.  
I would be like the sunlight, and live  
to give;  
I would lend, but I would not  
borrow;  
Nor would I be blind and complain of  
pain,  
Forgetting the meaning of sorrow.

E. W. WILCOX.



## REAL JOY

Real joy comes not from ease, not  
from riches, not from the applause  
of men, but from having done things  
that were worth while.

W. GREENFELL.

## A SPRING THOUGHT

There is strength, repose of mind,  
and inspiration in fresh apparel. God  
gives Nature new garments every  
season. You are a part of Nature.  
The tree trusts and grows, and takes  
storm and sun as Divinely sent, and  
believes it is right to new apparel,  
and it comes. It will come to you  
if you do the same.

E. W. WILCOX.



One who claims that he knows about  
it,

Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;  
But I and the trees, and the birds,  
we doubt it,

And think it is a world worth liv-  
ing in.



Times change, opinions vary to their  
opposite, and still this world appears  
a brave gymnasium, full of sea-bathing  
and horse exercise and bracing manly  
virtues; and what can be more en-  
couraging than to find the friend who  
was welcome at one age, still wel-  
come at another?

R. L. STEVENSON.

## JOYFULNESS A DUTY

"Joy is a duty"—so with golden lore  
The Hebrew Rabbis taught in days of  
yore.

And happy human hearts heard in  
their speech

Almost the highest wisdom man can  
reach.

But one bright peak still rises far  
above,

And there the Master stands Whose  
name is Love,

Saying to those whom heavy tasks  
employ,

"Life is divine when duty is a joy."

H. VAN DYKE.



An aim in life is the only fortune  
worth the finding, and it is not to be  
found in foreign lands, but in the  
heart itself.

R. L. STEVENSON.



## A WISH

May every morning seem to say:

"There's something happy on the  
way,

And God sends love to you."

H. VAN DYKE.



## SOME OF THESE DAYS

Some of these days all the skies will  
be brighter,  
Some of these days all the burdens  
will be lighter,  
Hearts will be happier, souls will be  
whiter  
Some of these days.

Some of these days, in the deserts  
upspringing,  
Fountains shall flash while the joy-  
bells are ringing,  
And the world—with its sweetest birds  
—shall go singing  
Some of these days.

Some of these days, let us bear with  
our sorrow  
Forth in the future, its light we may  
borrow;  
There will be joy in the golden to-  
morrow  
Some of these days.

F. STANTON.



A man may fall into a thousand perplexities, but if his heart be upright and his intelligence unclouded, he will issue from them all without dishonour.

R. L. STEVENSON.

## DAY BY DAY

The inner growth of a Christian should be continuous. The renewal is said to be "day by day." We should count the day lost which records no victory over some fault or secret sin, no new gain in self-discipline, in the culture of the spirit, no enlargement in the power of serving, no added features of likeness to the master.

J. R. MILLER.



Laugh, and the world laughs with  
you;

Weep, and you weep alone,  
For sad old earth must borrow its  
mirth,

But has trouble enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer;

Sigh, it is lost on the air,  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.

E. W. WILCOX.



Duty makes us do all things well,  
but love makes us do them beautifully.

P. BROOKS.

## REAL MANLINESS

Ah, God, for a man with heart, head,  
hand,

Like some of the simple great ones  
gone

For ever and ever by,  
One still strong man in a blatant  
land

Whatever they call him, what care I,  
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one  
Who can rule and dare not lie.

A. TENNYSON.



How can you learn self-knowledge?  
By action. Try to do your duty,  
and you will soon find what you are  
worth. What is your duty? The  
exigency of the day.



I may not triumph in success,  
Despite my earnest labour;  
I may not grasp results that bless  
The efforts of my neighbour.  
But though my goal I never see  
This thought shall always dwell with  
me:  
I will be worthy of it.

E. W. WILCOX.

## SELF-CONTROL

A lack of self-control always indicates other lacks and weaknesses which are fatal to the highest attainments. A man who cannot hold himself in check certainly will not be able to control others. A lack of self-control indicates a lack of mental balance. A man who cannot keep his balance under all circumstances, who cannot control the fire of his temper, who lacks the power to overthrow the volcano of his passion, cannot boast of self-mastery, has not arrived at success.



Own, if you can, one of those welcome faces—  
That bring the sunshine to life's shadowed places.



To sit still and contemplate, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness.

R. L. STEVENSON.

## BE LOYAL

Do your best loyally and cheerfully,  
and suffer yourself to feel no anxiety  
or fear. Your times are in God's  
hands. He has assigned you your  
place. He will direct your paths. He  
will accept your efforts if they be  
faithful. He will bless your aims if  
they be for your soul's good.

F. W. FARRAR.



For the beauty of the earth,  
For the beauty of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies,  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.

F. PIERPONT.



When the best things are not possible,  
the best may be made of those that  
are.

HOOVER.



Think not the thistle seed to cast,  
And reap the rose full blown,  
For man must gather, first or last,  
The harvest he has sown.

## FAULT FINDING

So many little faults we find:  
We see them, for not blind  
Is love—we see them; but if you and I  
Remember them, perhaps, some by  
    and by  
    They will not be  
Faults then, grave faults, to you and  
    me,  
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even  
    less—  
    Remembrances to bless.



He who has the truth at his heart  
need never fear the want of per-  
suasion on his tongue.

J. RUSKIN.



And sneer not at the weakness  
Which made a brother fall,  
For the hand that lifts the fallen  
God loves the best of all.

M. R. SMITH.



Capital is not what a man has, but  
what he is. Character is capital;  
honour is capital.

MACDUFF.

## ENDURING WORDS

You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something always behind. They pass into proverbs, they pass into laws, they pass into doctrine, they pass into consolation! but they never pass away, and after all the use that is made of them, they are still not exhausted.

DEAN STANLEY.



Better the old slow way of striving,  
And counting small gains when the  
year is done,  
Than to use our force and our  
strength in contriving,  
And to grasp for pleasure we have  
not won.

E. W. WILCOX.



It is the cause, not the death, that  
makes the martyr.



Add to your list, as the eighth deadly  
sin, anxiety of mind, and resolve not  
to be pining and miserable when you  
ought to be grateful and happy.

## A CHEERY THOUGHT

Only in one thought I find joy I  
never miss,  
In faith to know all grief below will  
grow to final bliss.  
And he who holds this faith will  
strive with firm and ardent soul,  
And work out his own proper good in  
working for the whole.  
God only sees the perfect good, the  
way to it is dim:  
God only there is truly blest, men  
only blest in Him.



Let your anger set with the sun, but  
not rise.



It is better to say "this one thing I  
do," than to say "these forty things I  
dabble with."



As love is deepest in the being of  
God, so faith is the mightiest prin-  
ciple in the soul of man. Let us  
distinguish their several essences.  
Love is the essence of Duty, faith is  
the essence of humanity which con-  
stitute it what it is.

F. W. ROBERTSON,



## NOW

Time there was, but it is gone;  
Time there may be—who can tell?  
Time there is to act upon,—  
Help me, Lord, to use it well.

LADY WATERFORD.



Contentment is the true philosopher's  
stone. The poor are rich that have it,  
and the rich are poor without it.



The lives which seem so poor, so  
low,  
The hearts which are so cramped  
and dull,  
The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,  
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo!  
They blossom to the beautiful.

S. COOLIDGE.



Every shadow has its light, every  
night has its morning, every pang of  
pain has its thrill of pleasure, every  
salt tear has its crystal beauty, every  
weakness has its element of strength,  
every loss has its gain. So all through  
life these balancings run.

J. R. MILLER.

## THE SIMPLE LIFE

What does God require of us but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him? The longer I live, this seems to me the more important, and all other questions less so—if we can but live the simple right life.

C. KINGSLEY.



## WAYSIDE SERVICE

Leave, whene'er you pass,  
Love's golden thread of light;  
What is marred, make right;  
What is severed unite.



The peculiarity of ill-temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. This compatibility of ill-temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics. Souls are made sweet, not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in—a great love, a new spirit, the spirit of Christ.

H. DRUMMOND.

## THE POSSIBILITIES OF FAITH

Given a man of faith, and the heavenly powers behind him, and you have untold possibilities. History is full of such instances, men and women, single-handed, but with the heavenly vision, effecting what armies could hardly accomplish. Keep, therefore, your eye upon the heavenly powers, call them to your service, and with them around you take up the routine and duties of life.

LAWRENCE.



Honest love, honest sorrow,  
Honest work for the day, honest hope  
for the morrow;  
Are these worth nothing more than  
the hand they make weary?  
The heart they have saddened, the  
life they leave dreary?  
Hush, the sevenfold heavens to the  
voice of the Spirit  
Echo: "He that overcometh shall all  
things inherit."



Passion colours the world according  
to its nature and its interests.

E. WHITING.

## THE ART OF SERVICE

'Tis not the weight of jewel or plate,  
Or the fondle of the silk or fur;  
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is  
rich,  
As the gifts of the wise men's were;  
And we are not told whose gift was  
gold,  
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.



O, Toil, thou stern, strong master,  
Take thou my hand,  
And lead me down life's highway;  
Fill thou my days  
With earnest, brave endeavour;  
Make thou my life  
A joy to other toilers;  
Let my song be  
A bugle call to cheer them;  
Then, when at last  
The road leads toward the hill-top,  
Let my end come  
Among life's sturdy battlers.



Pearls lie not on the seashore; if  
thou desirest one thou must dive for  
it.

ORIENTAL PROVERB.

## GOOD MORNING

Greet the day with a smile, and it will leave you with a blessing.



There are very few lights in the world, but many mirrors.



So many people think that Love is "getting," whereas Love is "giving."

G. A. STEEL.



Life's uncertainties give us a new hold upon the everlasting.

M. G. PEARSE.



Buy the truth whatever it may cost; sell it not whatever may be offered.

ARNOT.



Friendship often ends in love; but love in friendship—never.

COLTON.



A precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy.

J. RUSKIN,

## HOPE

Hope stood one morning by the way,  
And stretched her fair white hand to  
me,  
And softly whispered, "For this day  
I'll company with thee."

Ah, no! dear Hope, I, sighing said—  
Oft have you joined me in the morn,  
But when evening came you fled,  
And left me all forlorn.

'Tis better far to walk alone,  
Than have your company awhile,  
And then to lose it, and go on  
For weary mile and mile.

She turned rebuked. I went my way,  
But sad the sunshine seemed, and  
chill;  
I missed her, missed her all the day,  
And, oh! I miss her still.

S. COOLIDGE.



No man can ask honestly or hope-  
fully to be delivered from temptation  
unless he has himself honestly and  
firmly determined to do the best he  
can to keep out of it.

J. RUSKIN.

## REAL CHRISTIANITY

In Christianity nothing is of real concern except that which makes us wiser and better; everything which does make us wiser and better is the very thing which Christianity intends.

A. P. STANLEY.



There doth not live  
Any so poor but they may give,  
Any so rich but may receive.

M. J. PRESTON.



Prize what is yours, but be not quite  
contented.

There is a healthful restlessness of  
soul  
By which a mighty purpose is augmented  
In urging men to reach a higher  
goal.

E. W. WILCOX.



A wise man knows an ignorant one  
because he has been ignorant himself,  
but the ignorant cannot recognise the  
wise, because he has never been wise.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

## THE RIGHT ATTITUDE OF FAITH

God's law for the ascending dove and the ascending soul is identical. It is the law of overcoming resistance. It is in the strong gale that the white winged seagull can soar without moving her wings; the force of gravity that would draw her downwards is counteracted by the force of the air striking against her wings. The one thing needful is right attitude.

B. WILBERFORCE.



Oh, deem not they are blest alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
For God, who pities man, hath shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The eyes that now are dimmed with  
tears,  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are earnest of serener years.

W. C. BRYANT.



What man is there in the world with  
such clean hands that he dare  
presume to condemn the meanest  
creature living.

M. CORELLI.



## PATRIOTISM

O my brothers, love your country!  
Our country is our home, the house  
that God has given us, placing therein  
a numerous family that loves us, and  
whom we love. In labouring for our  
own country on the right principle,  
we labour for humanity.

MAZZINI.



Palaces of beauty do not draw us  
homewards as surely as does a good  
mother.



Many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest  
timber'd oak.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



Sarcasm is a cruel and sharp-edged  
weapon, quite unfit for use in the  
family circle.



It is not always wise to judge another  
either by his tongue or coat, for true  
worth lies where neither ear nor eye  
can penetrate.

## PATIENCE

'Twere well to wait—  
The pears upon my tree are still but  
green,  
But they will ripen in the summer sun,  
One variety would do all things at  
once;  
God takes His turn, and puts us all  
to shame,  
I am for trust, for working with a will,  
And waiting long, to see what comes  
of it.

A. WATSON.



Do not attempt to measure friendship,  
or weigh affection. So much of mine  
for so much of yours is only barter  
and not love.



I think that good must come of good,  
And ill of evil—surely unto all  
In every place, or time; seeing sweet  
fruit  
Groweth from wholesome roots, or  
bitter things  
From poison stocks; yea, seeing, too,  
how spite  
Breeds hate—and kindness, friends—  
or patience, Peace.

E. ARNOLD.

## CHARACTER BUILDING

Take heed how you build. That which you are doing, the work which you are performing, you do not leave behind because you forget it. Every stroke, every single element abides, and there is nothing that grows so fast as character.

H. W. BEECHER.



Then speak no ill, but lenient be  
To others' failings as your own;  
If you're the first the fault to see  
Be not the first to make it known.  
For life is but a passing day,  
No lips can tell how brief the stay;  
Be earnest in the search of good,  
And speak of all the best we may.



A little kindness is never forgotten by the one who receives it. It sometimes brightens a whole day; it goes far, often, towards lifting a heavy burden; and it comforts an aching heart, and makes it, for a time, forget its misery. You may not be able to do great things, but surely you can be kind, and sympathetic, and helpful. If God has blessed you, be a blessing to others.

## PESSIMISM

The man who does not hope for better things, and does not believe that better things can be brought about is not the man likely to bring better things about. Pessimism is productive of paralysis and stagnation.

W. TAFT.



Moments there are in life, alas how few!

When, casting cold prudential doubts aside,

We take a generous impulse for our guide;

And following promptly what the heart thinks best,

Commit to Providence the rest,

Sure that no after-reckoning will arise  
Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise.

R. SOUTHEY.



I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



Take care of your ability, and your salary will take care of itself.

### THREE WISHES

Be Thou my Guide, and I will walk  
in darkness,  
As one who treads the beaming  
heights of day,  
Feeling a gladness amidst desert sad-  
ness,  
And healthy vernal fragrance all the  
way.

Be Thou my Wealth, and reft of all  
beside Thee,  
I will forget the strife of meaner  
things;  
Blessed is the sweetness of Thy rare  
completeness,  
And opulent beyond the dream of  
kings.

Be Thou my Strength, O lowly One  
and saintly,  
And, though unvisioned ills about  
me throng,  
Though danger woo me and deceit  
pursue me,  
Yet in the thought of Thee I will  
be strong.

F. COATES.



We do not think about self-sacrifice  
when it is love which calls for ser-  
vice.

## SELF

Will not a tiny speck close to our vision blot out the glory of the world around, and leave only a margin by which we see the blot? I know no speck so troublesome as self.

G. ELIOT.



Who can paint  
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,  
Amid its grey creation, hues like her's,  
Or can mix them with that matchless  
skill,  
And lose them in each other, as  
appears  
In every bud that blows?

J. THOMSON.



We cannot always choose our road in life, but we can choose whether we walk along the shady or the sunny side of it.

G. A. STEEL.



Devotion is neither public nor private prayer—but prayers, whether public or private, are particular parts or instances of devotion. Devotion signifies a life given, devoted to God.

W. LAW.

## SING AND WORK

Keep a song in your heart, it will  
lighten

The duty you hold in your hand;  
Its music will graciously brighten  
The work your high purpose has  
planned;

Your notes to the lives that are  
saddened

May make them to hopefully yearn,  
And earth shall be wondrously  
gladdened

By songs they shall sing in return.  
Keep a task in your hands, you must  
labour,

By toil is true happiness won;  
For foe and for friend and for neigh-  
bour,

Rejoice, there is much to be done.  
Endeavour by crowning life's duty  
With joy-giving song and with  
smile,

To make the world fuller of beauty,  
Because you were in it a while.



Keep the common road, and thou art  
safe.



The half-sister of suspicion is jealousy,  
and envy its mother-in-law.

## WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR

Better than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank and title a thousandfold,  
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,  
And simple manners that always  
    please;  
A heart that can feel for another's  
    woes,  
And share his joys with a genial  
    glow—  
With sympathies large enough to en-  
    fold  
All men as brothers—is better than  
    gold.

One's chiefest duty here below  
Is not the seeming great to do,  
That the vain world may pause to  
    see;  
But in steadfast humility  
To walk the common walk, and bear  
The thousand things, the trifling care,  
In love with wisdom patiently.  
Thus each one in his narrow groove  
The great world nearer God may  
    move.

M. HUNT.



Gratitude is a word you will find in  
the doctrines, but you will not find  
much of it anywhere else.



## HAPPINESS

While I sought happiness, she fled  
Before me constantly;  
Weary, I turned to duty's path,  
And happiness sought me,  
Saying, "I will walk this road to-day,  
I'll bear thee company."



That thou may'st injure no man, dove-like be,  
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee.

W. COWPER.



In the long run Fame finds the  
deserving man.  
The lucky wight may prosper for a  
day,  
But in good time true merit leads the  
van,  
And vain pretence, unnoticed goes  
its way.  
There is no Chance, no Destiny, no  
Fate,  
But Fortune smiles on those who  
work and wait,  
In the long run.

E. W. WILCOX.

## GOOD ADVICE

The secret of life is not to be what one likes, but to try to like that which one has to do, and one does come to like it in time.

M. CRAIK.



Be checked for silence,  
But never taxed for speech.

W. SHAKESPEARE,



Mystery is God's allurements along the path of knowledge; it is His challenge to a human soul.



'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



Things cannot always go your way. Learn to accept in silence the minor aggravations, cultivate the gift of taciturnity, and consume your own smoke with an extra draught of hard work, so that those about you may not be annoyed with the dust and soot of your complaints.

W. OSTER.

## CONFIDENCE

Be like the bird that halting in her  
flight  
Awhile on boughs too slight  
Feels them give way beneath her, and  
yet sings,  
Knowing that she hath wings.

V. HUGO.



Only a thought, but the work it  
wrought  
Could never by pen or tongue be  
taught;  
For it ran through a life like a thread  
of gold,  
And the life bore fruit a hundred-  
fold.



I reach a duty, yet I do it not,  
And therefore climb no higher; but  
if done,  
My view is brightened, and another  
spot  
Seen on my mortal sun;  
For be the duty high as angel's  
flight—  
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,  
Even from its ashes. Duty is our  
ladder to the skies,  
And climbing not, we fall.

## THE CUP OF HAPPINESS

God is continually giving. He will not withhold from you or me. I hold up my little cup, He fills it full. If yours is greater, rejoice in that, and bring it faithfully to the same urn. He, who fills the violet with beauty, and the sun with light, will not fail to inspire you and me. Were your little cup to become as large as the Atlantic, He would still fill it.

J. PARKER.



The world is not so bad a world  
As some would like to make it;  
But whether good or whether bad  
Depends on how you take it.



If only we strive to be pure and true,  
To each of us all there will come  
an hour  
When the tree of life shall burst  
into flower,  
And rain at our feet the glorious  
dower  
Of something grander than ever we  
knew.

## PROVIDENCE

Our little thoughts gambol close to  
God's abyss,  
Children, whose home is by the  
precipice,  
Fear not thy little ones shall o'er it  
fall;  
Solid, though viewless, is the girdling  
wall.



If you wish your merit to be known,  
recognise that of other people.



What thou wilt  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy  
smile,  
Than hew it with thy sword.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



Talent forms itself in solitude; Char-  
acter in the press of life.

GOETHE.



The true waste of life consists in the  
love we have not given, the service  
we have not rendered, the sacrifice  
from which we have drawn back.

## QUIET RETROSPECT

We are sent here, in one sense, to bear and to suffer; but, in another, to do and to enjoy. The active day has its evening of repose; even patient sufferance has its alleviations, when there is a consolatory sense of duty discharged.

SIR W. SCOTT.



Be firm! Whatever tempts thy soul  
To loiter ere it reach its goal,  
Whatever siren-voice would draw  
Thy heart from duty and its law,  
Oh! that distrust. Go bravely on,  
And, till the victor-crown be won,  
Be firm!

C. E. MAYO.



Better it is, toward the right conduct of life, to consider what will be the end of a thing, than what is the beginning of it; for what promises fair at first may prove ill, and what seems at first a disadvantage, may prove very advantageous.

A. WELLS.

## HAPPINESS

For ages happiness has been represented as a huge precious stone, impossible to be found, which people seek for hopelessly. It is not so: happiness is a mosaic, composed of a thousand little stones, which separately and of themselves have little value, but which united with art, form a graceful design.

DE GERADEN.



Presence of mind, and courage in  
distress,  
Are more than armies to procure  
success.

DRYDEN.



Experience is the most effective  
schoolmaster, although the school-  
fees are somewhat heavy.

H. HEINE.



We do not "make" friends, but as  
we go through life we "find" the  
friends whom God has made for us.

G. A. STEEL.

## A SERMON—TO MYSELF

You say that the world is so dreary!—

Do you ever make it more bright?

On lives that are hopeless or weary

Do you ever shed a new light?

No wonder the world is of so dull a  
hue

If its made up of people exactly like  
you!

You say that all love is so selfish:

Folks like you for what they can  
get!—

With love that was wholly un-pel-fish

Have you loved a single soul yet?

No wonder we're all far from  
Heaven's sweet laws

If humanity's love is the pattern of  
yours!

You say that all men are so greedy,

So eager to make cent per cent.;

The rich ones are worse than the  
needy,

Each grabbing; and never con-  
tent!—

From all that is known of your own  
small affairs,

I should say it's no wonder—if your  
fashion's theirs!



I fear that the devil's exerting  
His talent for masking his lies.  
'Tis you who need soundly convert-  
ing—  
"Other people" is dust in your  
eyes!  
If you would behave as you so well  
know how,  
This bad world would begin to be  
perfect right now.

G. A. STEEL.



I look, aside the mist has rolled,  
The waster seems the builder too;  
Upspringingly from the ruined old  
I see the new!

'Twas but the ruin of the bad,  
The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Is living still!



This, then, is the sum of all. Circum-  
stances are not in our power; virtues  
are. It is not in our power to avert  
the bitter failure which earth may  
inflict; it is in our power to win the  
high success which God bestows.

F. W. FARRAR.

## JEWELS

Scripture has its jewels of great price; they are called "exceedingly great and precious promises," laid up in store for those who will search for them, and capable of dignifying and ennobling human nature.



Give me the light heart, Heaven  
above!

Give me the heart of a friend,  
Give me one high fine spirit to love,  
I'll abide my fate to the end;  
I will help where I can, I will cherish  
my own,  
Nor walk the steep way of the world  
alone.

G. PARKER.



Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another man.

T. HUGHES.

## A FRESH BEGINNING

All the past things are past and over,  
The tasks are done, and the tears  
are shed.

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;  
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted  
and bled,  
Are healed with the healing which  
night has shed.

Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,  
And, spite of old sorrow and older  
sinning,  
And puzzles forecasted, and possible  
pain,  
Take heart with the day and begin  
again.

S. COOLIDGE.



Selfishness is the most patronised  
idolatry in the world.

W. M. PEMBER.



Man is always wanting to do some  
great thing. Let him overcome him-  
self—for that is the greatest conquest.

H. DRUMMOND.

## NATURE'S BOUNTY

Always there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight and labour. We reap what we sow, but Nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

G. ELIOT.



A foolish act has made many a wiser man.



There is no cutting of the Gordian knots of life; each must be smilingly unravelled.

R. L. STEVENSON.



All men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfection will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

CYRUS.

## OUR LIFE—A SONG

God wants our life to be a song. He has written the music for us in His Word and in the duties that come to us in our places and relations in life. The things we ought to do are the notes set upon the staff. To make our life beautiful music we must be obedient and submissive. Any disobedience is the singing of a false note and yields discord.

J. R. MILLER.



Give gifts if you will and can, but above all give love.

L. WHITING.



Our actions are the only title-deeds of which we cannot be disinherited.



Happiness is a roadside flower, growing on the highway of usefulness.

M. TUPPER.



The difference between pride and vanity is that we have the first, and other people have the other!

## QUIET KINDNESS

Oft unknowingly the tongue  
Touches on a chord so aching  
That a word or accent wrong  
Pains the heart almost to breaking;  
Many a tear of wounded pride,  
Many a fault of human kindness  
Has been soothed or turned aside  
By a voice of quiet kindness.



Judge not without knowledge, nor  
without necessity, and never without  
love.

A. WHYTE.



Duty is the shadow which only leaves  
us when we leave the light of life.

W. E. GLADSTONE.



There is not one who need live in  
vain. Though your sphere be of the  
humblest, there is some brother-man  
whom you can reach and rescue; for  
the poorest of you there is a vast field  
of toil, and an awaiting recompense  
of honour.

W. M. PUNSHON.

## STABILITY OF FAITH

I have a life with Christ to live,  
But, ere I live it, must I wait  
Till learning can clear answer give  
Of this, and that book's date?  
I have a life in Christ to live,  
I have a death in Christ to die—  
And must I wait till service give  
All doubts a full reply?

Nay, rather, while the sea of doubt  
Is raging wildly round about,  
Questioning of life, and death, and sin,  
Let me but creep within  
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet  
Take but the lowest seat;  
And hear this awful voice repeat,  
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet:  
"Come unto Me, and rest;  
Believe Me, and be blest."

J. SHAIRP.



A moment's success pays the failure  
of years.

R. BROWNING.



Autobiography has been wittingly  
described as "that which biography  
ought to be."

We are here on earth to be trained to give and not to grasp. We gain most by giving most. We lose by grasping. If we blindly refuse to give, and insist on grasping, God comes to us as a wise father to a greedy child, and says: "Give that to Me." He comes to make us give, because by giving only can we truly receive; not to take from us our joy, but that by giving to Him we may receive more joy.

J. H. DENISON.



Let the world be better, brighter,  
For your having trod its way;  
Let your light be seen afar  
Ere sinks down life's little day.

Scatter seeds of love and kindness  
As you tread the heavenward road;  
You will find them all again  
In the Paradise of God.



Doing is the great thing. For, if resolutely people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.

J. RUSKIN.



Little faithfulnesses: it is all the more necessary for us to contemplate them, because it is not them in general which men venerate or admire . . . . and yet no one, be sure, has ever greatly done or gloriously dared who has not been familiar with the grand unselfishness of little duties, who has not offered to God the daily sacrifice of a contrite heart, the daily discipline of a chastened spirit.

F. W. FARRAR.



Follow the Christ, the King;  
Live pure, speak true, right wrong,  
follow the King—  
Else—wherefore born?

A. TENNYSON.



Life is not one of those homeless forces which promiscuously inhabit space, or which can be gathered like electricity from the clouds and dissipated back again into space. Life is definite and resident; and spiritual life is not a visit from a force, but a resident tenant in the soul.

H. DRUMMOND.

## NOTE THIS

A smile, a word, or a touch,  
And each is easily given;  
    Yet either may win  
    A soul from sin  
Or smooth the way to Heaven.  
A smile may lighten the falling  
    heart,  
A word may soften pain's keenest  
    smart,  
A touch may lead us from sin  
    apart—  
How easily either is given!



Beware of the noontide of prosperity,  
it is more dangerous than the twilight  
of adversity.





## The Spirit of Joy



There is no day born but comes like a stroke of music into the world and sings itself all the way through.

H. W. BEECHER.



Our whole happiness and power of energetic action in this world depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud; content to see it opening here and closing there; rejoicing to catch through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things; but yet perceiving a nobleness even in the concealment, and rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied.

J. RUSKIN.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Let us do right, and then whether happiness comes or unhappiness is no very weighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter—bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne. The well-being of our souls depends only on what we are; and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good and steady scorn of evil.

J. A. FROUDE.



The splendours of the firmament of  
time

May be eclipsed, but are extin-  
guished not;

Like stars to their appointed height  
they climb,

And death is a low mist which can-  
not blot

The brightness it may veil.

P. B. SHELLEY.



Happiness is cumulative, as misery is. Happiness has no limits, as heaven has neither bottom nor bounds—and because happiness is nothing but the conquest of God through love.

H. AMIEL.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

The good work of the world is done either in pure and unvexed instinct of duty; or else, and better, it is cheerful and helpful doing of what the hand finds to do, in surety that at evening-time whatsoever is right the Master will give.

J. RUSKIN.



Alike are life and death  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the  
sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



The first thing a kindness deserves is acceptance; the second, transmission.

G. MACDONALD.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Happy is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he himself is as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Such an one moves on human life as stars move over dark seas to bewildered mariners; as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the south.

H. W. BEECHER.



Be not like a stream that brawls  
Loud with shallow waterfalls,  
But in quiet self-control  
Link together soul and soul.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



No place, however beautiful, can be perfectly beautiful till the light from the lamp of self-sacrifice falls upon it.

J. RUSKIN.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Give, as the morning that flows out  
of heaven:

Give, as the waves when their channel  
is riven;

Give, as the free air and sunshine are  
given,—

Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give!  
Not the waste drops of thy cup over-  
flowing,

Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever  
glowing,

Not a pale bud from the June rose's  
blowing;

Give as He gave thee, who gave  
thee to live!

Pour out thy love like the rush of a  
river

Wasting its waters for ever and ever,  
Through the burnt sands that reward  
not the giver!

Silent or songful, thou nearest the  
sea.

Scatter thy life as the summer showers  
pouring!

What if no bird through the pearl-  
rain is soaring,

What if no blossom looks upward  
adoring?

Look to the life that was lavished  
for thee!

R. T. COOKE.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance of love, and to work, and to play, and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbour's, except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friend, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

H. VAN DYKE.



Home is the resort  
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty,  
where  
Supporting and supported, polished  
friends  
And dear relations mingle into bliss!

J. THOMSON.



## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday. To-day is a king in disguise. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days. Let us not be so deceived; let us unmask the king as he passes.

R. W. EMERSON.



No backward glance shall hinder or  
appal me;  
A new life is begun:  
And better hopes and better motives  
call me  
Than those the past has won.

L. KNAPP.



So the milder third gate was opened  
for him, and he passed, not softly, yet  
speedily, into that still country, where  
the hail-storms and fire-showers do  
not reach, and the heaviest-laden way-  
farer at length lays down his load.

T. CARLYLE.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Keep the upward windows open. Do not dare to think that a child of God can worthily work out his career, or worthily serve God's other children, unless he does both in the love and fear of God their Father.

P. BROOKS.



Only grant my soul may carry high  
through death her cup unspilled,  
Brimming though it be with know-  
ledge, life's loss drop by drop dis-  
tilled,

I shall boast it mine—the balsam, bless  
each kindly wrench that wrung  
From life's tree its inmost virtues,  
tapped the root whence pleasures  
sprung,

Barked the bole, and broke the bough,  
and bruised the berry, left all grace  
Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed  
elixir in its place!

R. BROWNING.



'Tis not the calm and peaceful breast  
That sees or reads the problem true;  
They only know on whom't has prest  
Too hard to hope to solve it too.

A. H. CLOUGH.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Am I wrong to be always happy?  
this world is full of grief;  
Yet there is laughter of sunshine, to  
see the crisp green in the leaf.  
Daylight is ringing with song-birds,  
and brooklets are crooning by  
night.  
And why should I make a shadow  
where God makes all so bright?  
Earth may be wicked and weary, yet  
cannot I help being glad;  
There is sunshine without and within  
me, and how should I mope or  
be sad?  
God would not flood me with bless-  
ings, meaning me only to pine,  
Amid all the bounties and beauties  
He pours upon me and mine;  
Therefore will I be grateful, and there-  
fore will I rejoice:  
My heart is singing within me! sing  
on, O heart and voice!

W. SMITH.



It is not written, blessed is he that  
feedeth the poor, but he that con-  
sidereth the poor. A little thought and  
a little kindness are often worth more  
than a great deal of money.

J. RUSKIN.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Be the noblest man that your present faith, poor and weak and imperfect as it is, can make you be. Live up to your present growth, your present faith. So, and so only, do you take the next straight step forward, as you stand strong where you are now; so only can you think the curtain will be drawn back, and there will be revealed to you what lies beyond.

P. BROOKS.



We shall reap such joys in the by and by,

But what have we sown to-day?  
We shall build us mansions in the sky,  
But what have we built to-day?  
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,  
But here and now do we do our task?  
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask—

“What have we done to-day?”

N. WATERMAN.



We cannot part with our friends; we cannot let our Angels go.—We do not see that they only go out that Arch-angels may come in.

R. W. EMERSON.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

There can be no substitute for the world-old humdrum, commonplace qualities of truth, justice and courage, thrift, industry, common sense, and genuine sympathy with and fellow-feeling for others.

T. ROOSEVELT.



## THE GIFT OF TRUE LOVE

Was never true love in vain,  
For truest love is highest gain,  
No art can make it; it must spring  
Where elements are fostering.  
So in Heaven's spot and hour  
Springs the little native flower,  
Downward root and upward eye,  
Shapen by the earth and sky.

G. ELIOT.



He who helps a child helps humanity  
with a distinctness which no other  
help given to human creatures can  
possibly give. He who puts his influence  
into the fountain where the  
river comes out puts his influence in  
everywhere.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Put case—I never have myself  
enjoyed,  
Known by experience what enjoyment  
means,—  
How shall I—share enjoyment?—no,  
indeed!  
Supply it to my fellows?—ignorant  
As so I should be of the thing they  
crave,  
How it affects them, works for good  
or ill? . . .  
Just as I cannot, till myself convinced,  
Impart conviction, so, to deal forth  
Joy  
Adroitly, needs must I know Joy my-  
self.

R. BROWNING.



Every joy is gain,  
And gain is gain, however small.

R. BROWNING.



If your name is to live at all, it is so  
much more to have it live in people's  
hearts than only in their brains. I  
don't know that one's eyes fill with  
tears when he thinks of the famous  
inventor of logarithms.

O. W. HOLMES.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Study how to fill your head full of the love of God, and the love of your neighbour, and then be content to be no deeper a scholar, no finer a gentleman, than these tempers will make you. As true religion is nothing else but simple nature governed by right reason, so it loves and requires great plainness and simplicity of life.

W. LAW.



In Life's small things be resolute and  
great  
To keep thy muscles trained; know'st  
thou when fate  
Thy measure takes? or when she'll  
say to thee,  
"I find thee worthy, do this thing for  
me!"

R. W. EMERSON.



We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether.

R. W. EMERSON.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



## QUIET WORKERS

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,  
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,  
Still do they, quiet ministers, move on,  
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting!  
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,  
Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



He is the richest who is content with the least, for content is the wealth of nature.

SOCRATES.



## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Certainly at present, and perhaps through all your life, your teachers are wisest when they make you content in quiet virtue, and that literature and art are best for you which point out, in common life, and in familiar things, the objects for hopeful labour, and for humble love.

J. RUSKIN.



Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily trip the stile-a;  
Your merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad one tires in a mile-a.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



My life is a fault at last, I fear;  
It seems too much like a fate,  
indeed!  
Though I do my best I shall scarce  
succeed.  
But what if I fail of my purpose here?  
'Tis but to keep the nerves at strain,  
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a  
fall,  
And, baffled, get up and begin again,—  
So the chase takes up one's life,  
that's all.

R. BROWNING.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

I would flood your path with sunshine;  
I would fence you from all ill;

I would crown you with all blessings,  
if I could but have my will;

Aye! but human love may err, dear,  
and a power all wise is near;

So I only pray, God bless you, and  
God keep you through the year.

ANON.



Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity  
Robbed thee of any faith in happiness,

But rather cleared thine inner eyes to  
see

How many simple ways there are to  
bless.

J. R. LOWELL.



## THE ETERNAL THOUGHT

As you grow ready for it, somewhere  
or other you will find what is needful  
for you in a book, or a friend, or,  
best of all, in your own thoughts—  
the eternal thought speaking in your  
thought.

G. MACDONALD.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

The men who met him rounded on  
their heels  
And wonder'd after him, because his  
face  
Shone like the countenance of a priest  
of old  
Against the flame about a sacrifice  
Kindled by fire from heaven; so glad  
was he.

A. TENNYSON.



## A BENEDICTION

May all go well with you! May life's  
short day glide on peaceful and bright,  
with no more clouds than may glisten  
in the sunshine, no more rain than  
may form a rainbow.

RICHTER.



For he, and he only, with wisdom is  
blest,  
Who, gathering true pleasures  
wherever they grow,  
Looks up in all places, for joy or for  
rest,  
To the Fountain whence Time and  
Eternity flow.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Insist on reading the great books, on marking the great events of the world. Then the little books may take care of themselves, and the trivial incidents of passing politics and diplomacy may perish with the using.

DEAN STANLEY.



## THE GIFT OF SONG

If a pilgrim has been shadowed  
By a tree that I have nursed;  
If a cup of cold, clear water  
I have raised to lips athirst;  
If I've planted one sweet flower  
By an else too barren way;  
If I've whispered in the midnight  
One sweet word of day;  
If in one poor bleeding bosom  
I a woe-swept chord have stilled;  
If a dark and restless spirit  
I with hope of Heaven have stilled;  
If I've made of life's hard battle  
One faint heart grow warm and  
strong;  
Then, my God! I thank Thee—bless  
Thee  
For the precious gift of song.

ANON.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Do not act as if you had ten thousand years to throw away. Death stands at your elbow. Be good for something, while you live and it is in your power.

M. AURELIUS.



## THE VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene

Supports the mind, supports the body too;

Hence the most vital movement mortals feel

Is Hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul.

J. ARMSTRONG.



Joy is the mainspring in the whole round of everlasting Nature; Joy moves the wheels of the great time-piece of the world; she it is that loosens flowers from their buds, suns from their firmaments, rolling spheres in distant space seen not by the glass of the Astronomer.

SCHILLER.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

God give you many days, and may  
your whole life be spotless and pure,  
giving beauty through all the changes,  
even when the leaf has turned brown  
and the fruit has ripened.



Love had he found in huts where  
poor men lie;  
His daily teachers had been woods  
and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely  
hills.

W. WORDSWORTH.



'Tis mine—to boast no joy  
Unsobered by such sorrows of my  
kind  
As sully with their shade my life  
that shines.

R. BROWNING.



A good book is the precious life-  
blood of a master-spirit, embalmed  
and treasured up on purpose to a life  
beyond life.

J. MILTON.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

In brief, acquit thee bravely, play the  
man;

Look not on pleasures as they come,  
but go;

Defer not the least virtue; life's poor  
span

Make not an ell by trifling in thy  
woe.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the  
pains;

If well, the pain doth fade, the joy  
remains.

G. HERBERT.



## THE JOYS OF READING

I love to lose myself in other men's  
minds. When I am not walking, I  
am reading: I cannot sit and think.  
Books think of me.

C. LAMB.



Joy for the promise of our loftier  
homes!

Joy for the promise of another  
birth!

For oft oppressive unto pain becomes  
The riddle of the earth.

BURBIDGE.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Fight on, thou brave, true heart, and  
falter not, through dark future, and  
through bright. The cause thou  
fighest for, so far as it is true, no  
further, yet precisely so far, is very  
sure of victory. The falsehood alone  
of it will be conquered, will be  
abolished, as it ought to be; but the  
truth of it is part of Nature's own  
laws; co-operates with the world's  
eternal tendencies; and cannot be  
conquered.

T. CARLYLE.



So here hath been dawning  
Another blue day:  
Think wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity  
This new day is born;  
Into eternity  
At night will return.

T. CARLYLE.



This lovely world, the hills, the sward,  
They all look fresh, as if our Lord  
But yesterday had finished them.

J. INGELow.



## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Individuals die!—but the amount of Truth they have taught, and the sum of Good they have done, dies not with them.

MAZZINI.



In countless upward-striving waves  
The moon-drawn tide-wave strives;  
In thousand far-transplanted grafts  
The parent fruit survives;  
So, in the new-born millions,  
The perfect Adam lives.  
Not less are summer mornings dear  
To every child they wake,  
And each with novel life his sphere  
Fills for his proper sake.

R. W. EMERSON.



The voice of our whole nature indeed, properly interpreted, is a cry after higher existence. The restless activity of life is but a pressing forward towards a fulness of good not to be found on earth, and indicates our destination for a state more brightly beautiful than we can now conceive.

W. E. CHANNING.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Every kindness done to others in daily walk, every attempt to make others happy, every prejudice overcome, every truth more clearly perceived, every difficulty subdued, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of what is good, is a step nearer the cause of Christ, through which only death can really be a gain to us.

DEAN STANLEY.



Mark how there still has run, enwoven  
from above  
Thro' thy life's darkest woof, the golden  
thread of love.

TRENCH.



## TRUE CONTENT

We shall be made truly wise if we be made content; content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content with what we do not understand—the habit of mind which theologians call—and rightly—faith in God.

C. KINGSLEY.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

For life, with all it yields of joy and  
    woe,  
And hope and fear,— . . .  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learn-  
    ing love,  
How love might be, hath been, indeed,  
    and is;  
And that we hold thenceforth to the  
    uttermost  
Such prize, despite the envy of the  
    world,  
And, having gained truth, keep truth;  
    that is all!

R. BROWNING.



Grief may be joy misunderstood.

E. B. BROWNING.



## THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP

Who knows the joys of friendship?  
The trust, security, and mutual ten-  
    derness,  
The double joys, where each is glad  
    for both?  
Friendship our only wealth, our last  
    retreat and strength,  
Secure against ill-fortune and the  
    world.

N. ROWE.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Go, speed the stars of Thought  
On to their shining goals:  
The sower scatters broad his seed,  
The wheat thou strew'st be souls.

R. W. EMERSON.



Better to stem with heart and hand  
The roaring tide of life, than lie  
Unmindful on its flowery strand  
Of God's occasions, drifting by.  
Better with naked nerve to bear  
Than if the lap of sensual ease fore-  
go  
The Godlike power to do,  
The Godlike aim to know.

J. G. WHITTIER.



No small profit that man earns,  
Who through all he meets can steer  
him,  
Can reject what cannot clear him,  
Cling to what can truly cheer him;  
Who each day more surely learns  
That an impulse, from the distance  
Of his deepest best existence,  
To the words, "Hope, Light, Per-  
sistence,"  
Strongly sets and truly burns.

M. ARNOLD.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

If thou hast yesterday thy duty done,  
And thereby cleared firm footing  
for to-day,  
Whatever clouds make dark to-mor-  
row's sun,  
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary  
way.

GOETHE.



## THE GOSPEL OF WORK

Let no one till his death  
Be called unhappy. Measure not the  
work  
Until the day's out and the labour  
done.

E. B. BROWNING.



Is life a field? Then plough it up—  
re-sow  
With worthier seed. Is life a ship?  
Oh, heed  
The southing of thy stars. Is life a  
breath?  
Breathe deeper; draw life up from  
hour to hour,  
Aye, from deepest deep of thy soul.

J. INGELOW.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Looking back along life's trodden  
way,  
Gleams and greenness linger on the  
track;  
Distance metes and mellows all to-day,  
Looking back.

Rose and purple and a silvery grey,  
Is that cloud the cloud we called so  
thick?  
Evening harmonises all to-day,  
Looking back.

C. ROSSETTI.



## LIFE WITHOUT HOPE

Without our hopes, without our fears.  
Without our home that plighted love  
endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty  
won,  
Oh! what were man?—a world with-  
out a sun.

CAMPBELL.



For each and all, of life  
In every phase of action, love, and  
joy—  
There is fulfilment only elsewhere.

H. H. KING.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

I am the end of love; give love to me.  
O thou that sinnest, grace doth more  
    abound  
Than all thy sin! Sit still beneath  
    my rood,  
And count the droppings of my  
    victim-blood,  
And seek none other sound.

E. B. BROWNING



Love took up the harp of life,  
And smote on all the chords with  
    might;  
Smote the chord of Self, that trem-  
    bling  
Passed in music out of sight.

A. TENNYSON



## THE GENTLE TOUCH OF TIME

Touch us gently, Time!  
We've not proud nor soaring wings;  
Our ambition, our content,  
Lies in simple things.  
Humble voyagers are we,  
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,  
Seeking only some calm clime;—  
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

B. W. PROCTER,

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

If only we strive to be pure and true,  
To each of us all there will come an  
hour  
When the tree of life shall burst  
into flower,  
And rain at our feet the glorious  
dower  
Of something grander than ever we  
knew.



Where love is, there comes sorrow  
To-day or else to-morrow;  
Endure the mood,  
Love only means our good.

C. ROSSETTI.



It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music  
mute,  
And ever widening, silence all.

A. TENNYSON.



## WINNING THE RACE

'Tis the bold who win the race,  
Whether for gold, or love, or name;  
'Tis the true ones always face  
Dangers and trials, and win a place,  
A niche in the fane of fame.



## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Let each man think himself an act of  
God,  
His mind a thought, his life a breath  
of God;  
And let each try, by great thoughts  
and good deeds,  
To show the most of Heaven he hath  
in him.

P. J. BAILEY.



I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me.

LORD BYRON.



## THE JOY OF THE DEED

Go from the east to the west, as the  
sun and the stars direct thee,  
Go with the girdle of man, go and  
encompass the earth.  
Not for the gain of the gold; for the  
getting, the hoarding, the having,  
But for the joy of the deed; but for  
the Duty to do.  
Go with spiritual life, the higher voli-  
tion and action,  
With the great girdle of God, go and  
encompass the earth.

A. H. CLOUGH.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

How fine has the day been, how bright  
    was the sun,  
How lovely and joyful the course that  
    he run,  
Though he rose in a mist, when his  
    race he begun,  
And there followed some droppings  
    of rain!  
But now the fair traveller's come to  
    the west,  
His rays are all gold, and his beauties  
    are best;  
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to  
    his rest,  
And foretells a bright rising again.



## MUSIC IN THE HEART

There are in the loud stunning tide  
    Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
    Of th' everlasting chime;  
Who carry music in the heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling  
    mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier  
    feet  
Because their secret souls a holy  
    strain repeat.

J. KEBLE.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Name not as friends the men who by  
you stand

In pleasant times, when peace and  
welfare please you;

But him indeed call friend who grasps  
your hand

In that dark day when want and  
danger seize you.

GEMS FROM POETRY OF THE ORIENT.



In the suburb, in the town,

On the railway, in the square,  
Came a beam of goodness down

Doubling daylight everywhere.

Peace now each for malice takes,  
Beauty for his sinful weeds;

For the angel Hope aye makes

Him an angel whom she leads.

R. W. EMERSON.



We shall not die nor disappear,  
But in these other selves, ourselves  
succeed,

Even as ripe flowers pass into their  
seed

Only to be renewed from prime to  
prime.

THOMAS HOOD.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Wiser it were to welcome and make  
ours  
Whate'er of good, though small, the  
Present brings,—  
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of  
birds, and flowers,  
With a child's pure delight in little  
things.

R. C. TRENCH.



## QUIET THOUGHTS

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of  
content;  
The quiet mind is richer than a  
crown;  
Sweet are the nights in careless slum-  
ber spent;  
The poor estate scorns fortune's  
angry frown;  
Such sweet content, such minds, such  
sleep, such bliss,  
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do  
miss.

R. GREENE.



Oh Life! Life-breath!  
Life-blood!—Ere sleep, come travail  
—Life ere Death!

R. BROWNING.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

And yet, as angels in some brighter  
dreams

Call to the soul when man doth  
sleep,

So some strange thoughts transcend  
our wonted dreams,

And into glory peep.

44

H. VAUGHAN.



## MAKING HEAVEN ON EARTH

Onward, onward may we press

Through the path of duty;

Virtue is true happiness,

Excellence true beauty;

Minds are of supernal birth,

Let us make a heaven of earth.

J. MONTGOMERY.



Tell them, dear, that if eyes were  
made for seeing,

Then Beauty is its own excuse for  
being:

Why thou wert there,

I never thought to ask, I never  
knew:

But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
The self-same Power that brought  
me there, brought you.

R. W. EMERSON.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

I bring fresh showers from the thirsty  
flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when  
laid  
In their noonday dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews  
that waken  
The sweet birds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's  
breast,  
As she dances about the sun.

P. B. SHELLEY.



## THE RACE OF LIFE

Thus would I double my life's fading  
space,  
For he that runs it well, twice runs his  
race.  
And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, that happy  
state,  
I would not fear nor wish my fate,  
But boldly say each night,  
To-morrow let my sun his beams dis-  
play,  
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived  
to-day.

A. COWLEY.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Strike and struggle; ever strive,  
Labour with hand, and heart, and  
brain.

Work doth more than genius give;  
He who faithfully toils doth live;  
'Tis labour that doth reign.



To do duty which the hour brings,  
Whether it be in great or smaller  
things,  
For who doth know  
What he shall do the coming day?



From this fair point of present bliss  
Where we together stand,  
Let me look back once more and  
trace  
That long and desert land,  
Wherein till now was cast my lot,—  
and I  
Could live, and thou were not.

What had I then? a Hope that grew  
Each hour more bright and dear,—  
The flush upon the eastern skies,  
That showed the sun was near:  
Now night has faded far away, my  
Sun has risen, and it is day!

A. A. PROCTER.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will  
keep

A bower of quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health,  
and quiet breathing.

KEATS.



## LIVE IN THE SUNSHINE

Now the heart is so full that a drop  
o'erfills it.

Now we are happy because God wills  
it.

We sit in the warm shade and see  
right well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms  
swell;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot  
help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is  
growing.

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be  
true,

As for grass to be green and skies to  
be blue,

'Tis the natural way of living.

J. R. LOWELL.



## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Never wait for post mortem praise.  
Speak the kind words which love  
prompts, and remember that words of  
loving kindness are the best possible  
tonic which can be given, even to the  
happiest of mortals.

K. T. WOODS.



## A RANDOM THOUGHT

A dreamer dropped a random thought;  
'twas old, and yet 'twas new;  
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong  
in being true:  
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo!  
its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a moni-  
tory flame.  
The thought was small, its issue great;  
a watch-fire on the hill,  
It sheds its radiance far adown, and  
cheers the valley still!

C. MACKAY.



Eternal hope! when yonder spheres  
sublime  
Pealed their first notes to sound the  
march of time,  
Thy joyous youth began.

CAMPBELL.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

For love, and beauty, and delight;  
There is no death, nor change; their  
might

Exceeds our organs, which endure  
No light, being themselves obscure.

P. B. SHELLEY.



Before we can bring happiness to  
others we must first be happy our-  
selves, nor will happiness abide unless  
we confer it on others.



He who hath watched, not shared the  
strife

Knows how the day hath gone.  
He only lives with the world's life,  
Who hath renounced his own.

M. ARNOLD.



There is a comfort in the strength  
of love;

'Twill make a thing endurable, which  
else

Would upset the brain, or break  
the heart.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Let knowledge grow from more to  
more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster.

A. TENNYSON.



All souls that struggle and aspire  
All hearts of prayer by Thee are  
lit;  
And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire  
On dusty tribes and twilight cen-  
turies sit.

J. G. WHITTIER.



The simplest way to secure happiness  
is to see that those around you are  
happy.

G. K. CHESTERTON.



There's not a crime  
But takes its proper change out still  
in crime,  
If once rung on the counters of the  
world:  
Let sinners look to it.

E. B. BROWNING.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

We sow the glebe, we reap the corn,  
We build the house where we may  
rest,  
And then, at moments, suddenly  
We look up to the great wide sky,  
Inquiring wherefore we were born,  
For earnest or for jest.

MRS. BROWNING.



## WHEN SUMMER COMES

When summer comes on golden  
wings,  
And all the world on music rings,  
When flowers waken from their sleep,  
And dolphins sport within the deep,  
When silver stars like jewels shine,  
'Tis then that love seems most divine.

H. GARDNER.



Friend, in this world of worry, and  
work, and sudden end,  
If a thought comes quick of doing a  
kindness to a friend,  
Do it that blessed minute, don't put it  
off, don't wait,  
What's the use of doing a kindness,  
if you do it a day too late?

GORDON LEAGUE BALLADS.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

I will accept thy will to do and be  
Thy hatred and intolerance of sin,  
Thy will at least to love, that burns  
within,  
And thirsteth after me:  
So will I render fruitful blessing still,  
The germs and small beginnings in  
thy heart,  
Because thy will cleaves to the  
better part—  
Alas, I cannot will.

C. ROSSETTI.



The pleasure of life is according to  
the man who lives it, not according  
to the time or place.

R. W. EMERSON.



A hundred thousand birds salute the  
day . . .  
Whose innocent warblings yet might  
make us wise,  
Would we but follow when they bid  
us rise,  
Would we but set their notes of  
praise to words,  
And launch our hearts up with them  
to the skies.

C. ROSSETTI.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

The "whole creation" suffers;  
There are sorrows you've never  
known;  
There's many a heart that lives apart,  
And carries its load alone.  
Discouragement's ways are crowded;  
There's bitterness far and near;  
But room and scope for the souls that  
hope,  
For courage and strength and cheer.

M. E. ALLBRIGHT.



We look before and after  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that  
tell of saddest thought.

P. B. SHELLEY.



Art thou weary, tender heart?  
Be glad of pain;  
In sorrow, sweetest things will grow  
As flowers in rain.  
God watches, and thou wilt have sun  
When clouds their perfect work have  
done.

M. F. BUTTS.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

New occasions teach new duties; time  
makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still, and onward,  
who would keep abreast of truth.  
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires!  
we ourselves must pilgrims be;  
Launch our Mayflower, and steer  
boldly through the desperate winter's sea,  
Nor attempt the future's portal with  
the past's blood-rusted key.

A. TENNYSON.



It is better to follow even the shadow  
of the best than to remain content  
with the worst.

H. VAN DYCK.



It is enough just to be good,  
To lift our hearts where they are  
understood.  
To let the thought of worldly power  
and place go unappeased,  
To smile back in God's face,  
With the glad lips our mother used  
to kiss.  
Ah, though we miss all else but this,—  
To be good is enough.

J. W. RILEY.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Not what we have, but what we use,  
Not what we see, but what we  
choose—

These are the things that mar or bless  
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar.  
Not what we have seen, but what we  
are;

These are the things that make or  
break,  
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not as we take, but as we give,  
Not as we pray, but as we live;  
These are the things that make for  
peace  
Both now and after time shall cease.

C. VERNEY.



Oh! Thou whom Heav'n has blest  
with wealth,  
And all contents that spring from  
health,  
Give, as thou hast received—assured  
That He, who fiercest pangs endured  
For suffering humanity,  
Will render back thy gift to thee!

ANON.



## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

Good, once put in action or in  
thought,  
Like a strong oak, doth from its  
boughs shed down  
The ripe germs of a forest.

J. R. LOWELL.



## I AM HAPPY NOW

One looks behind him to some  
vanished time,  
And says, "Ah, I was happy then,  
alack!  
I did not know it was my life's best  
prime—  
Oh, if I could go back!"

Another looks, with eager eyes aglow,  
To some glad day of joy that yet  
will dawn,  
And sighs, "I shall be happy then,  
I know.  
Oh, let me hurry on."

But I—I look out on my fair To-day;  
I clasp it close, and kiss its radiant  
brow.  
Here with the perfect present let me  
stay,  
For I am happy now!

E. W. WILCOX.

## THE SPIRIT OF JOY

All rests with those who read, a work  
or thought  
Is what makes it to himself, and may  
Be full of great dark meanings, like  
the sea,  
With shoals of life rushing.

P. J. BAILEY.



## THE CROWN OF THE HEART

My crown is in my heart, not on my  
head,  
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian  
stones,  
Nor to be seen; my crown is called  
Content:  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.





## The Gift of a Rich Thought



### LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

If one looks on the bright side,  
It is sure to be the right side;  
At least, that's how I've found it  
As I've journeyed through each day;  
And its queer how shadows vanish,  
And how easy 'tis to banish  
From a bright side out of nature  
Every doleful thing away.

M. D. BIRNE.



### THE LILIES OF THE MIND

Mine be the love that in itself can find  
Seed of white thoughts, the lilies of  
the mind,  
Seed of that glad surrender of the will  
Which finds in service self's true pur-  
pose still.

J. R. LOWELL.

## LIFE'S AUDIT

Life is a count of losses  
    Every year;  
For the weak are heavier crosses  
    Every year;  
Lost Spring, with sobs relying,  
Unto weary Autumn's sighing,  
While those we love are dying  
    Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher  
    Every year;  
And its Morning Star climbs higher  
    Every year;  
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,  
And the heavy burthen lighter,  
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,  
    Every year.

A. PIKE.



There is no day born but comes like  
a chime of music into the world, and  
sings itself all the way through.

H. W. BEECHER.



The cross is the stumbling-block  
against which the waves of eternal  
love broke into the silver spray of  
speech.

J. PARKER.

## CHARACTER BUILDING

Each is building his own world. We both build from within and we attract from without. Thought is the force with which we build, for thoughts are forces. Like builds like, and like attracts like. In the degree that thought is spiritualised does it become more subtle and powerful in its working.

R. W. TRINE.



The primal duties shine aloft like stars;  
The charities that soothe and heal  
and bless  
Are scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

W. WORDSWORTH.



The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth, as that proudest palaces have cause to envy the gilding.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

## THE LESSON OF THE WATERMILL

Listen to the Watermill, all the live-  
long day;  
How the creaking of the wheel wears  
the hours away.  
Languidly the water glides, useless on  
and still;  
Never coming back again to that  
Watermill.  
And the proverb haunts my mind,  
like a spell that's cast—  
The mill will never grind with the  
water that has passed.

Take the lesson to yourselves, loving  
hearts and true;  
Golden years are fleeting by, youth  
is fleeting too.  
Try to make the most of life, lose no  
honest way;  
Time will never bring again chances  
passed away.  
Leave no tender word unsaid, love  
while life shall last—  
The mill will never grind with the  
water that has passed.

Work while yet the daylight shines,  
Man of strength and will;  
Never does the streamlet glide use-  
less by the mill.

Wait not till to-morrow's sun beams  
upon your way,  
All that you can call your own lies in  
this, To-day.  
Power, intellect, and strength, may  
not, cannot last—  
The mill will never grind with the  
water that has passed.

Oh! the wasted hours of life that have  
drifted by—  
Oh! the good we might have done,  
lost without a sigh.  
Love that we might once have saved  
with but a single word,  
Thoughts conceived, but never pen-  
ned, perishing unheard.  
Take this lesson to your heart, take,  
oh! hold it fast—  
The mill will never grind with the  
water that has passed.

S. DOUDNEY.



Beware of hardening thy conscience  
by frequent heating and cooling.



Conscience warns us as a friend  
before it punishes us as a judge.

STANISLAUS.

## THE SHELTER OF FRIENDSHIP

What is the best a friend can be  
To any soul, to you or me?  
Not only shelter, comfort, rest—  
Inmost refreshment unexpressed;  
Not only a beloved guide  
To tread life's labyrinth at our side,  
Or with love's touch lead on before:  
Though these be much, there yet is  
more.

Can friend lose friend? Believe it not!  
The tissue whereof life is wrought,  
Weaving the separate into one,  
Nor end hath, nor beginning; spun  
From subtle threads of destiny,  
Finer than thought of man can see;  
God takes not back His gifts divine;  
While thy soul lives, thy friend is  
thine.

L. LARCOM.



We make the light through which we  
see  
The light, and make the dark;  
To hear the larks sing, we must be  
At heaven's gate with the lark.

A. CARY.



## GOD'S GIFTS

I used to think that God's gifts were on shelves one above the other, and that the taller we grew in Christian character the easier we should reach them. I find now that God's gifts are on shelves one beneath the other, and that it is not a question of growing taller, but of stooping lower, and that we have to go down to get His best gifts.

F. B. MEYER.



Life is a sheet of paper white,  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two, and then comes  
night.

J. R. LOWELL.



Father Time is not always a hard parent, and, though he tarries for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well; making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young and in full vigour.

C. DICKENS.

## THE PATIENCE OF LIFE

All is to pass through, all is to prove—  
The patience of life, and the impulse of death,  
Ere love be made perfect in love—  
Then, what heights unexplored in thee!  
What depths undivined in me!  
What vague half-powers  
In these souls of ours,  
Combined and completed to be!  
What knowledge to know!  
What treasures to show!  
What secrets unseal'd!

LORD LYTTON.



Do thy day's work, dare refuse no  
help thereto,  
Since help refused is hindrance sought  
and found;  
Wherever's will to do, there's plenty  
to be done.

R. BROWNING.



The only preparation for the morrow  
is the right use of to-day. . . . The  
morrow comes for nought, if to-day is  
not heeded.

BOWEN.

## LIFE'S OUTLOOK

Life is before you, from the well-trod  
road  
You cannot turn; then take ye up  
the load,  
Not your's to tread or leave the un-  
known way;  
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye  
may.  
Gird up your soul within you to the  
deed,  
Angels and fellow-spirits bid you  
speed.

BUTLER.



O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word  
Thy Love to tell, Thy Power to  
show.



Life affords but few opportunities of  
doing great services for others; but  
there is scarcely an hour of the day  
that does not afford us an opportunity  
of performing some little, it may be  
unnoticed kindness.

BOWEN.

## SYMBOLS AND SIGHT

The blindest faith may haply save;  
The Lord accepts the things we have;  
And reverence, howsoe'er it strays,  
May find at last the shining ways.

They needs must grope who cannot  
    see,  
The blade before the ear must be;  
The outward symbols disappear  
From him whose inward sight is clear.

J. G. WHITTIER.



There is no dearth of kindness  
    In this world of ours,  
Only in our blindness  
    We gather thorns for flowers.

G. MASSEY.



Men and women make their own  
beauty or their own ugliness, and are  
good-looking or the reverse as life  
has been good or evil. On our fea-  
tures the fine chisels of thought and  
emotion are eternally at work. Beauty  
is not the monopoly of blooming  
young men and of white and pink  
maids; there is a slow-growing beauty  
which only comes to perfection in old  
age.

A. SMITH.

## NATURE'S LESSON

What is it we look for in the landscape, in sunsets and sunrises, in the sea and the firmament? What but a compensation for the cramp and pettiness of human performances? We bask in the day, and the mind finds somewhat as great as itself. In Nature all is large, massive, repose.



For so it falls out,  
That what we have we prize not,  
to the worth,  
While we enjoy it; but, being backed  
and lost,  
Why, then we rack the value; then  
we find  
The virtue, that possession would not  
show us  
While it was ours.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



Even virtue is no longer such if it be stagnant. A man's life should be as ever-fresh as the river: the same channel, but a new water flowing every instant.

THOREAU.

## FULFILMENT OF LIFE

There is no joy—there is no beauty—there is no glory of living or acting—no supreme moment you can picture in your dreams, that is not in your life as God sees it—stirring on the intuition you have of it now—waiting for you in the glorious fulfilment that shall be thine.

A. WHITNEY.



## GOD'S GOODNESS

For us the winds do blow:  
The earth doth rest, heaven move,  
and fountain flow.  
Nothing we are, but means our good,  
As our delight, or as our treasure:  
The whole is either our cupboard of  
food  
Or cabinet of pleasure.

G. HERBERT.



Life is God's first gift, and His greatest, for on this all other things depend, and whatever else may be in store for us God begins all His dealings with us by a supreme gift.

J. M. GIBBON.

## ANSWERED PRAYER

God usually answers our prayers according rather to the measure of His own magnificence than to that of our asking, so that we often do not know His boons to be those for which we besought Him.



Each good thought and action moves the dark world nearer to the sun.

J. G. WHITTIER.



There is no sweeter repose than that which is bought with labour.

CHAMFORT.



Despise not little things. God hides His majestic oaks in small acorns, and the glowing wealth of a harvest-field in a handful of tiny seed.



Who talks of "a common friendship?" There is no such thing in the world! On earth no word is more sublime.

H. DRUMMOND.

## A WISE MAN'S PART

Onward, while a wrong remains  
To be conquered by the right—  
While oppression lifts a finger  
To affront us by his might;  
While an error clouds the reason,  
Or a sorrow gnaws the heart,  
Or a slave awaits his freedom,  
Action is the wise man's part!



## A TRUE SONG

'Tis not the greatest singer  
Who tries the loftiest themes,  
He is the true joy-bringer  
Who tells his own soul's dreams.  
He is the greatest poet  
Who, thinking not of Art,  
Just takes his heart to show it  
To every other heart;  
Who writes no learned riddle,  
Evolves no mystic rune,  
But—heart-strings for a fiddle—  
Just plays his soul's life-tune.

J. FOSS.



The finest of all the fine arts is the  
art of doing good, and yet it is the  
least cultivated.

TALMAGE.



## TRUE PROGRESS

If our plans are not for Time, but for Eternity, our knowledge, and therefore our love, to God and to each other, will progress for ever.

C. KINGSLEY.



Many have fallen by the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue.



It is better to be defeated in the right, than to be victorious in the wrong.

GARFIELD.



Contentment does not depend on what we have, but upon what we are.



There is no safer place than the path of duty, even when it seems surrounded by perils.



What you do not understand, with submission wait for; and what you do understand, hold fast with charity.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

## THE RENEWAL OF YOUTH

So long as a man is capable of self-renewal he is a living being. If we are to remain among the living there must be a perpetual renewal of youth within us, brought about by inward change and love.

AMIEL.



One ought to talk only as loud as he lives.



Beware of too sublime a sense  
Of your own worth and consequence;  
The man who dreams himself so great,  
And his importance of such weight,  
That all around, in all that's done,  
Must move and act for him alone,  
Will learn in school of tribulation  
The folly of his expectation.

W. COWPER.



A larkspur cannot lecture on the nature of a snowflake—it never saw a snowflake; and those people who have always lived in the summer of prosperity cannot talk to those who are frozen in disaster.

TALMAGE.

## THE SOUL IN MAN

All goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect and the will, but the master of the intellect and the will.



## LOVE

Love is the golden law,  
Sunnily dear:  
Justice, the silver law,  
Cold, calm, and clear:  
Anger, the iron law,  
Harshly severe.

Anger's an iron lance,  
Mighty to slay;  
Justice, a silver scale,  
Faultless alway;  
Love is a golden ring,  
Joining for aye!

A. R. WELLS.



Make Truth lovely, and do not try to arm her; mankind will then be far less inclined to contend with her.

## STEPPING STONES

Heaven is not reached at a single  
bound,  
But we build the ladder by which  
we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted  
skies,  
And we mount to the summit round  
by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:  
That a noble deed is a step toward  
God,  
Lifting the soul from the common  
sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our  
feet,  
By what we have mastered by good  
and gain,  
By the pride deposed, and the pas-  
sion slain,  
And the vanquished ill that we hourly  
meet.

J. G. HOLLAND.



The men that move the world are  
the ones who do not let the world  
move them.

## PRAAYER

So thick do Heaven's mercies fly that  
the arrow of prayer can never be  
shot aright without bringing down  
some blessing. If it bring not that  
which we seek, it shall bring us that  
which we need.

M. G. PEARSE.



High o'er the eastern steep the sun  
is beaming,  
And darkness flies with her deceitful  
shadows;  
So truth prevails o'er falsehood.

SIR W. SCOTT.



Duty, like a strict preceptor,  
Sometimes frowns, or seems to  
frown;  
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,  
While youth's roses are thy crown.

W. WORDSWORTH.



Usefulness is the rent we are asked to  
pay for room on earth.



Obstacles to the determined are the  
surest stepping-stones to success.

## TEMPUS FUGIT

Up, up, my soul, the long-spent time  
redeeming;  
Sow thou the seeds of better deeds  
and thought;  
Light other lamps while yet thy lamp  
is beaming—  
The time is short.

Think of the good thou might'st have  
done, when brightly  
The suns to thee life's choicest sea-  
son brought;  
Hours lost to God in pleasure passing  
lightly—  
The time is short.

If thou hast friends, give them thy  
best endeavour,  
Thy warmest impulse, and thy  
purest thought,  
Keeping in mind and word and action  
ever—  
The time is short.

E. PRENTISS.



By some degree of woe  
We every bliss must gain;  
The heart can ne'er a transport know  
That never feels a pain.

LYTTELTON.

## A NOBLE LIVING

He is a sterling nobleman who lives  
the truth he knows,  
Who dreads the slavery of sin, and  
fears no other foes;  
Who scorns the folly of pretence,  
whose mind from cant is free,  
Who values men for worth and  
sense, and hates hypocrisy;  
Who glows with love that's free from  
taint, whose heart is kind and  
brave,  
Who feels that he was neither meant  
for tyrant nor for slave;  
Who loves the ground where'er he  
roam that's trod by human feet,  
And strives to make the world a home  
where peace and justice meet.  
To duty firm, to conscience true, how-  
ever tried and pressed,  
In God's clear sight high work we  
do, if we but do our best.



No small profit that man earns,  
Who through all he meets can steer  
him,  
Can reject what cannot clear him,  
Cling to what can truly cheer him.

M. ARNOLD.

## THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS

I can but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the duty of happiness as well as on the happiness of duty; for we ought to be as bright and genial as we can, if only because to be cheerful ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.

LORD AVEBURY.



What good gift here, my brothers,  
but it came  
From search and strife and loving  
sacrifice.

SIR E. ARNOLD.



True prayer is an earnest soul's direct  
converse with its God.

T. L. CUYLER.



All the love and joy that a man has  
ever received in perception is laid  
up in him as the sunshine of a hun-  
dred years is laid up in the bole of  
the oak.



## THE ART OF POETRY

Poems, like pictures, are of different  
sorts,  
Some better at a distance, others near,  
Some love the dark, some choose the  
clearest light,  
And boldly challenge the most pierc-  
ing eye,  
Some please for once, some will for  
ever please.

HORACE.



Great things are done by learning not  
to slight little ones.



The healing of the world  
Is in its nameless saints. Each separ-  
ate star  
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered  
stars  
Break up the night, and make it beau-  
tiful.

B. TAYLOR.



Whatever we would do if we had  
the power is what God gives us the  
credit for doing.

## WOMAN

Every virtue of the higher phases of many characters begins in this—in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens; in truth and pity, or truth and reverence to all womanhood.

J. RUSKIN.



The greatest of conquests is self-conquest.

J. H. JOWETT.



All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;

Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;

Nothing but folly grows faithless and fearful;

Courage for ever is happy and wise.

M. TUPPER.



Marble and granite are perishable monuments, and their inscriptions may be seldom read. Carve your names on human hearts; they alone are immortal!

T. L. CUYLER.

## A MIRACLE

What is thy thought? There is no  
miracle?

There is a great one, which thou has  
not read,

And never shall escape. Thyself, O,  
Man,

Thou art the miracle; aye, thou, thy-  
self,

Being in the world, and of the world,  
thyself

Hast breathed in breath from Him  
that made the world;

Thou art thy Father's copy of Him-  
self,

Thou art thy Father's miracle.

J. INGELow.



Never assume that the motive of your  
antagonist is one whit less disinter-  
ested than your own.



I never blame a man for using  
crutches, but I do blame him when  
he wants me to believe that they are  
living legs. Why not be just what  
we are?

## THE INFINITE

Nature everywhere testifies to the Infinity of its Author. It bears throughout the impress of the Infinite. It proclaims a Perfection illimitable, unsearchable, transcending all thought and utterance. It is modelled, and moulded, as a whole, and in its least molecule, with grandeur, unfathomable intelligence, and inexhaustible beauty.

W. E. CHANNING.



The past is thine no more,  
To strive for or amend;  
The future, all unknown,  
May prove a veiled friend.



Love not only delights in giving, but  
in the sacrifice which giving involves.



I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of the heart and life; that the world is a very beautiful place; that congenial labour is the secret of success.

A. F. BENSON.

## SCANDAL

If you are tempted to reveal  
A tale someone to you has told  
About another, make it pass  
Before you speak, three gates of  
gold—

Three narrow gates—first, Is it true?  
Then, Is it needful? And the next  
Is last and narrowest, Is it kind?  
And if it reach your lips at last  
It passes through these gateways  
three;

Then you may tell the tale; nor fear  
What the result of speech may be.



## HOME

Where we love is home:  
Home—that our feet may leave, but  
not our hearts.

O. W. HOLMES.



How can a man learn to know him-  
self? By observation, never; but by  
action. Endeavour to do thy duty,  
and thou shalt then know what is  
within thee.

GOETHE.

## THE THINGS BEYOND

To-morrow you have no business with. You steal if you touch to-morrow. It is God's. Every day has in it enough to keep any man occupied without concerning himself with the things beyond.

H. W. BEECHER.



By medicine life may be prolong'd,  
yet death  
Will seize the doctor too.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



The fairest flowers spring from the  
blackest soil.



God never hurries, but He always  
arrives.



## THE GENTLE SHOWER

How beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## THE SILENT TIDE

The noisy waves are failures, but the great silent tide is a success. Do you know what it is to be failing every day, and yet to be sure that your life is, as a whole, in its great movement and meaning, not failing, but succeeding?

P. BROOKS.



He that hath light within his own  
clear breast  
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright  
day;  
But he that hath a dark soul and foul  
thoughts  
Benighted walks under the mid-day  
sun;  
Himself is his own dungeon.

J. MILTON.



Try to be honest, you will believe in honesty; pure, and you will believe in purity; sincere, and you will no longer doubt the sincerity of others; benevolent, and you will be amazed to discover how many kind people there are in the world.

C. WAGNER.

## DO RIGHT AND—

Let us do right, and then whether happiness comes or unhappiness is no very weighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter—bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne. The well-being of our souls depends only on what we are; and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good and steady scorn of evil.

J. A. FROUDE.



## A SOLILOQUY

Others shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong,—  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of, win.

What matter I or they,  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said,  
And life the sweeter made?

J. G. WHITTIER.



Hold on to your character, for it is  
and ever will be your best wealth.



## FORGET AND FORGIVE

O man, forgive thy mortal foe,  
Nor ever strike him blow for blow;  
For all the souls on earth that live,  
To be forgiven, must forgive.  
Forgive him seventy times and seven;  
For all the blessed souls in Heaven  
Are both forgivers and forgiven.

A. TENNYSON.



Keep on sowing—

God will cause the seed to grow  
Faster than your knowing.

Nothing e'er is sown in vain.  
If, His voice obeying,

You look upward for the rain,  
And falter not in praying.

Keep on praying—

In the brightest, darkest day,  
Still His voice obeying:

Never from the gates of prayer  
Turn with doubting sorrow,

For the One who standeth there  
May answer you to-morrow.



A dewdrop does the will of God as  
much as a thunderstorm.

## THE HEREAFTER

This is but the nursery ground from which we are to be transplanted into the great forest of God's eternal universe.

F. W. ROBERTSON.



Sunshine fills the heart of the guilty with dread, but of the innocent with laughter.

A. WILSHIRE.



Imagination is but another name for Reason in her most exalted mood.



God's tender mercy and His tender love and care are over all His works. "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!" Do not despise that crawling creature, that humblest insect of a day. Do not despise the wayside flower—no philosopher can make the like of it. A blade of grass is a miracle, and we stand amazed at its mechanism.

## POETRY

Poetry is the mother tongue of the human race; as gardening is older than agriculture, painting older than writing, singing older than declamation, comparisons older than conclusions, cheating older than trade. The senses and passions speak and understand nothing but figures. In figures consists the whole treasure of human knowledge and happiness.

HAMANN.



God, Who's in Heav'n, will hear from  
thence,  
If not to th' sound, yet to the sense.

HERRICK.



There is scarce any thoughtful man or woman, I suppose, but can look back upon his course of past life, and remember some point, trifling as it may have seemed at the time of the occurrence, which has, nevertheless, turned and altered his whole career.

W. M. THACKERAY.

## THE SUNSHINE IN LIFE

Let us serve God in the sunshine while He makes the sun shine. We shall then serve Him all the better in the dark when He sends the darkness. The darkness is sure to come. Only let our light be God's light, and our darkness God's darkness, and we shall be safe at home when the great nightfall comes.

F. W. FABER.



## SO MUCH TO—

So much to do, that is not e'en begun,  
So much to hope for that we cannot  
see,  
So much to win, so many things to be.

L. MORRIS.



The large use of common opportunities is better than the common use of large opportunities.



Earth's truest noblemen are those whose every action is prompted by pure motives, and whose lives are permeated with prayer.

## TWO PATHS

Two paths be open for each life:  
One leads through danger, toil, and  
    strife,

    But upward goes  
To shining heights, whose rising sun,  
When once the lofty steep is won,  
    No setting knows.

The other path, vine-clad and green,  
Scarce lets its gentle slope be seen,

    But downward goes  
To depths unknown, whose setting  
    sun,  
In baleful shadows, dark and dim,  
    No rising knows.

E. L. B.



## SELF-DENIAL

If self be denied for the good of  
others, we receive immeasurably more  
than we bestow.



Everything that is mine, even to my  
life, I may give to one I love; but the  
secret of my friend is not mine to  
give.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

## WHICH WERE YOU?

I met an acquaintance one sunny  
day—  
And the world seemed suddenly  
dreary and grey!  
I met with another ere day was o'er—  
And the world seemed brighter than  
ever before!

G. A. STEEL.



Good-night! Good-night!  
Far flies the light;  
But still God's love  
Shall flame above,  
Making all bright,  
Good-night! Good-night!

V. HUGO.



## MY FATHER

My child woke crying from her sleep,  
I bended o'er her bed,  
And soothed her till, in slumber deep,  
She from the darkness fled.

And as beside my child I stood,  
A still voice said to me—  
"Even thus thy Father, strong and  
good,  
Is bending over thee."

G. MACDONALD.

## QUIET WORK

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of  
thee,  
One lesson, which in every wind is  
blown,  
One lesson of two duties kept at  
one,  
Though the loud world proclaim their  
enmity.

Of toil, unsever'd from tranquility!  
Of labour, that in lasting fruit out-  
grows  
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd  
in repose,  
Too great for haste, too high for  
rivalry!

Yes, while on earth a thousand dis-  
cords ring,  
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his  
toil,  
Still do thy sleepless ministers move  
on,

Their glorious tasks in silence per-  
fecting;  
Still working, blaming still our vain  
turmoil,  
Labourers that shall not fail, when  
man is gone.

M. ARNOLD.

## LASTING FRIENDSHIP

This matter of friendship is often regarded slightly as a mere accessory of life, a happy chance if one falls into it, but not as entering into the substance of life. No mistake can be greater. It is not, as Emerson says, a thing of "glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know."

T. T. MUNGER.



Sorrow touched by Thee grows  
bright,  
With more than rapture's ray;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.



Whether each day of your life shall  
give happiness or suffering rests with  
yourself.

G. S. MERRIAM.



Shun idleness. It is the rust that  
attaches itself to the most brilliant  
metals.

VOLTAIRE.



## DETERMINATION OF CHARACTER

Things that are worth the winning  
Must ever at cost be won;  
A feeble wish can accomplish naught,  
And see no great thing done;  
They that are wise press onward,  
They who are strong ascend;  
So be not stilled by a great defeat,  
But begin again, my friend.

M. FARNINGHAM.



Into the future,  
That unknown land,  
Fearless, then venture,  
Holding God's hand;  
Trusting His promise,  
Waiting His will,  
Kept by His power,  
Peaceful and still.



We owe the greatest gratitude to those  
who tell us the truth.



Beware of thy two special enemies—  
The devil, and thyself.

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

## FINDING OUR WAY

The thoughts we have are the paths  
we make,  
The deeds we do are the steps we  
take;  
We are going on while standing still,  
If standing there be Heaven's will.

By losing self we find our way,  
By seeking peace we go astray;  
The narrow way is in kindness trod,  
Who stoops to serve goes up to God.

C. D. WILSON.



Let come what will come,  
God's will is well come.



Sweet friends,  
Man's love ascends  
To finer and diviner ends  
Than man's mere thought e'er com-  
prehends.

S. LANIER.



Nobleness of character is nothing but,  
in thought and word and deed, steady  
love of good, and steady scorn of evil.

J. A. FROUDE.

## HEED YOUR WAYS

To-day, for God, what hast thou  
done?

I ask thee, restless mind!  
Should'st thou soar upward to the  
sun,

Yet peace thou could'st not find!  
O, hast thou wasted all thy powers  
Upon this fleeting earth?  
Or cast away the precious hours,  
Unmindful of their worth?



A man ought to be the same to his  
friend as he would be to himself. A  
friend is himself in another person.



*Printed by S. CLARKE LIMITED,  
41, Granby Row, Manchester.*







**B** 000 002 863 9

